

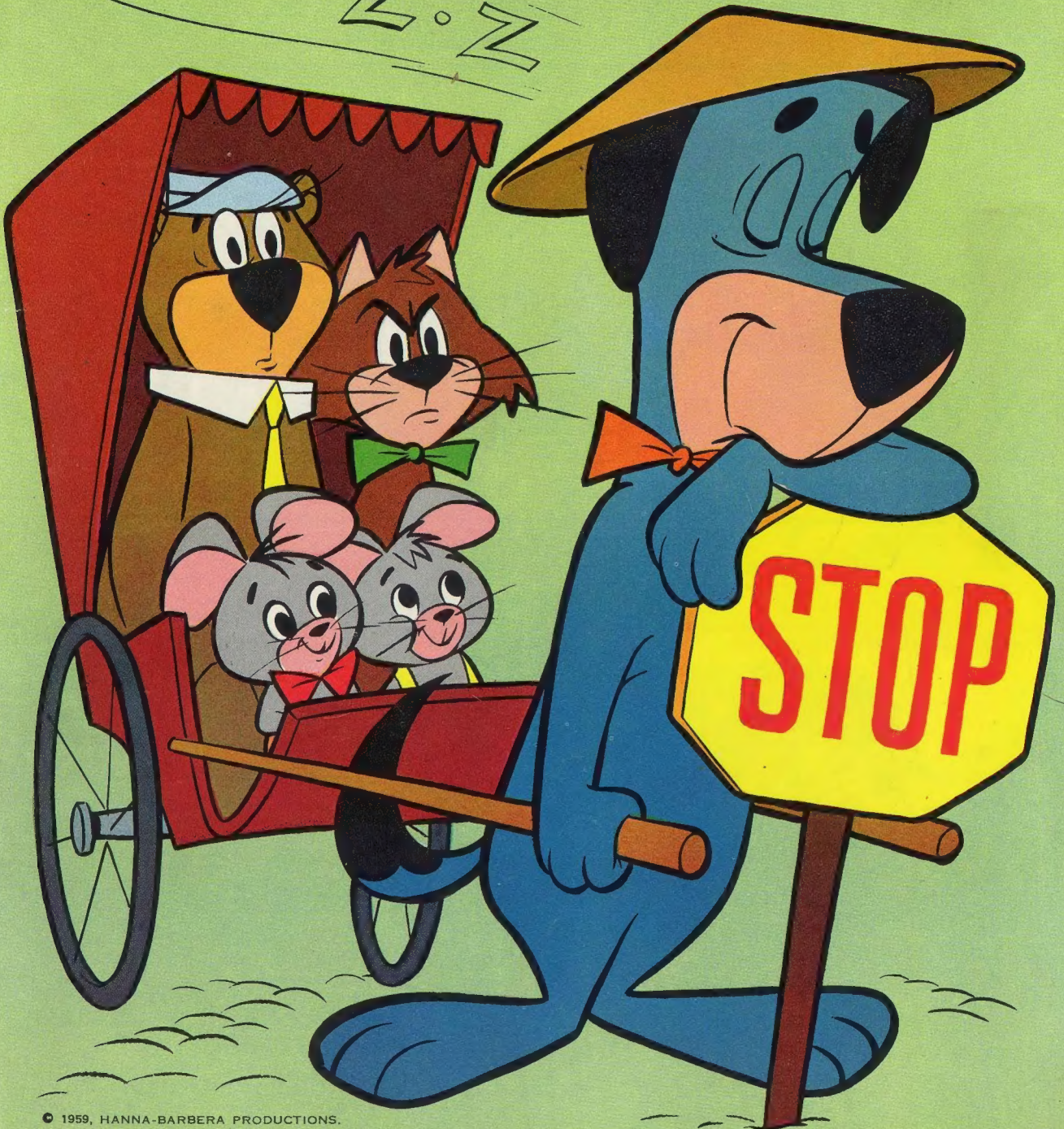
DELL

JAN.-FEB.

Still 10¢

# Huckleberry Hound

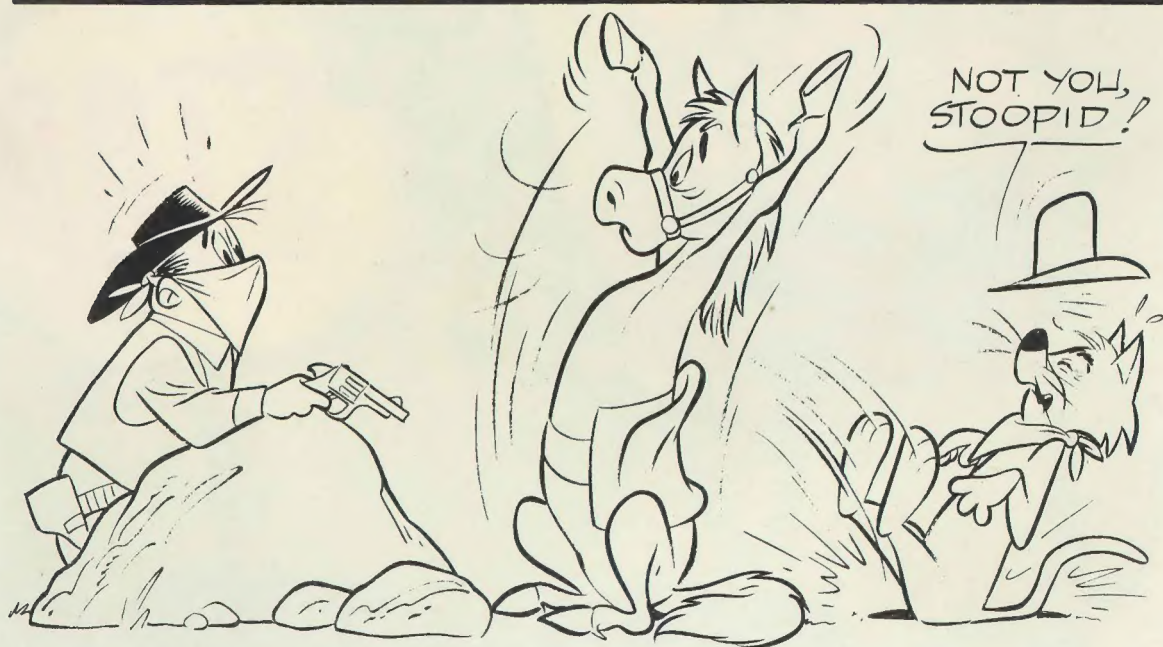
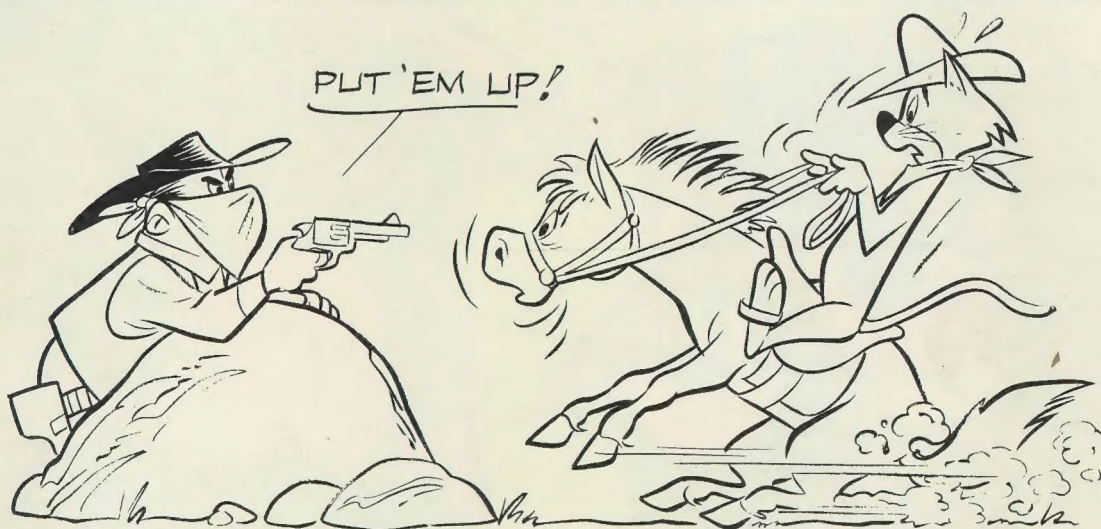
Z.Z.Z





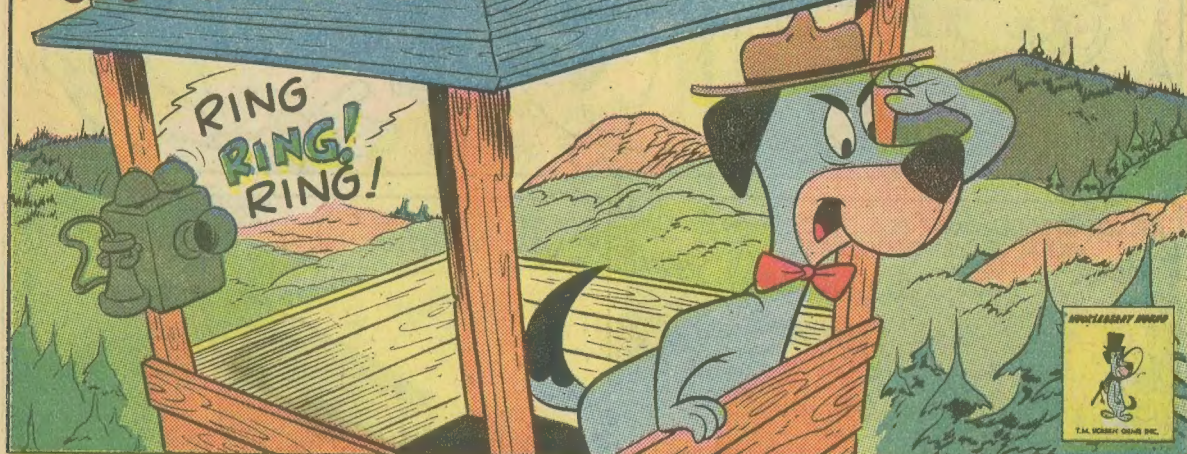
# MR. JINKS

## SUDDEN STOP





# HUCKLEBERRY HOUND FOILING A FIREBUG



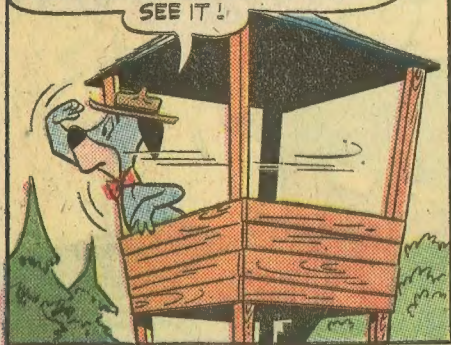
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**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**



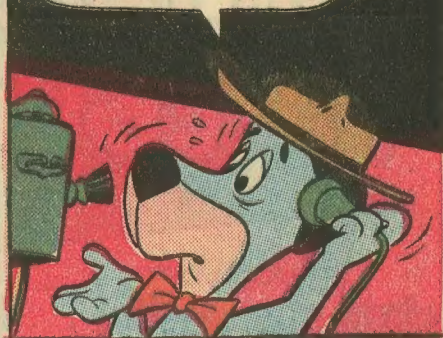
BUT WHAT GIVES? THERE'S NARY  
A SIGN OF SMOKE ANYWHERE! IT  
MUST BE SO FAR AWAY I CAN'T  
SEE IT!



HOWSOMEVER, MY  
NOSE KNOWS SMOKE  
WHEN IT SEES IT!



CHIEF! I SMELL SMOKE, BUT CAN'T  
SEE IT! MUST BE IN SOME OTHER  
FELLER'S TERRITORY!



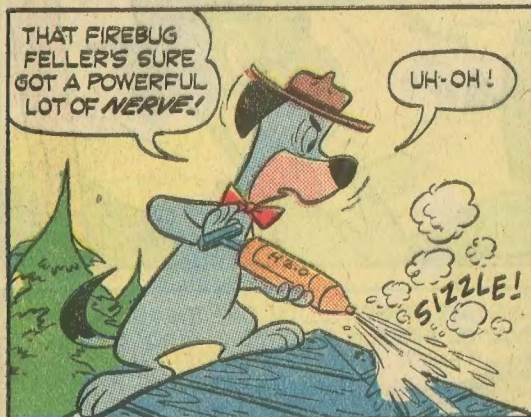
OF COURSE YOU CAN'T SEE IT, YOU NUMBSKULL-  
YOUR ROOF'S ON FIRE!



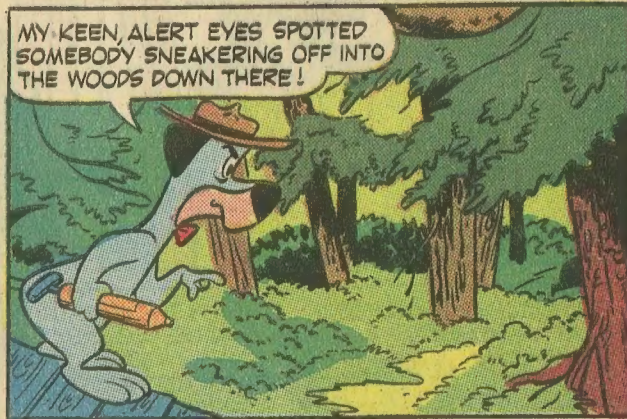
SAY, NOW! THAT  
SMOKE'S NO JOKE!



THAT FIREBUG  
FELLER'S SURE  
GOT A POWERFUL  
LOT OF NERVE!



MY KEEN, ALERT EYES SPOTTED  
SOMEBODY SNEAKING OFF INTO  
THE WOODS DOWN THERE!



HEY, YOU, WHOMSOMEVER  
YOU ARE! STOP IN THE  
NAME OF THE FIRE  
DEPARTMENT!

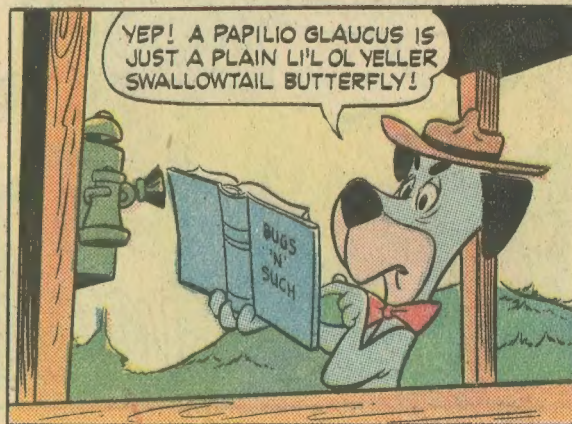
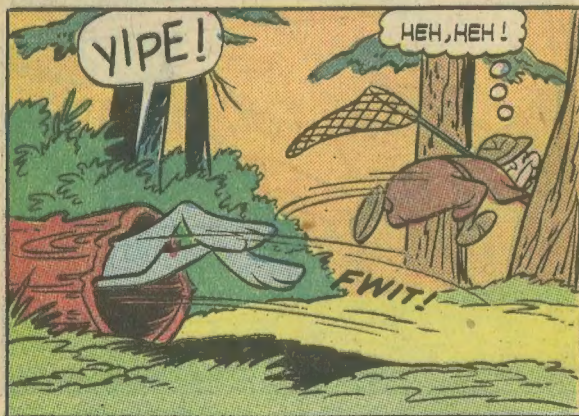
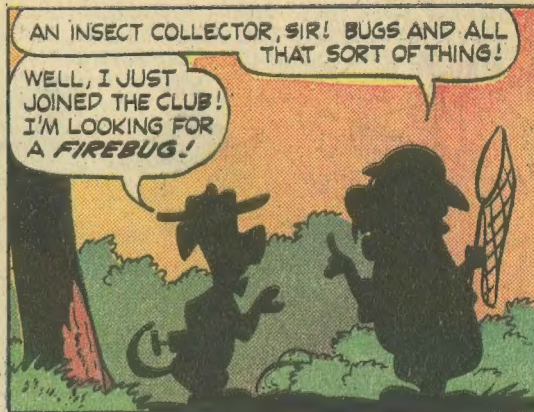
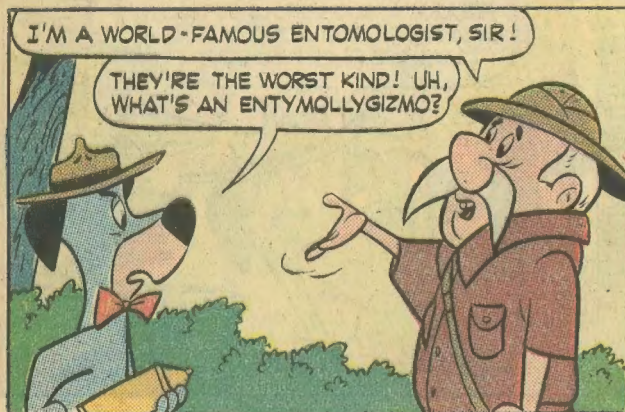


I'M A RANGER, STRANGER!  
STATE YOUR BUSINESS OR  
YOU'RE IN DANGER!

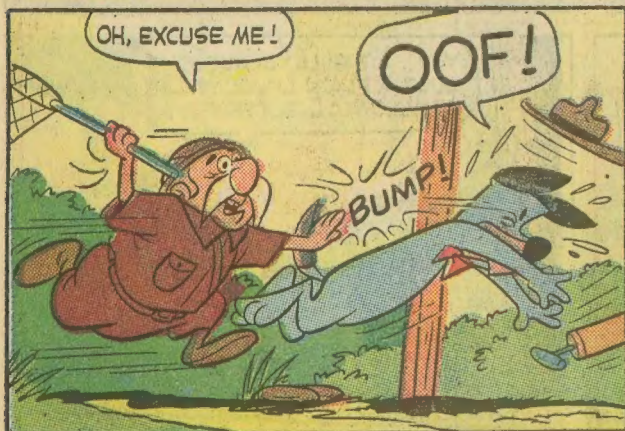
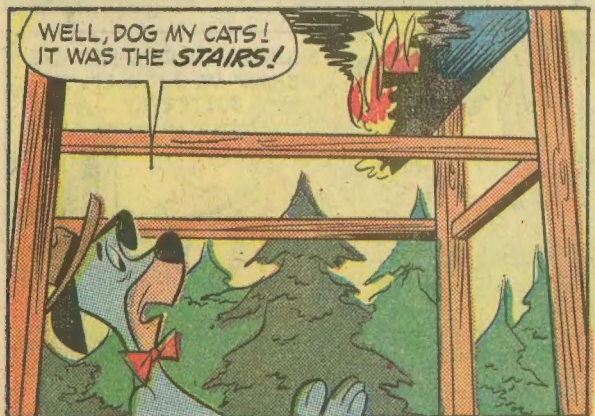
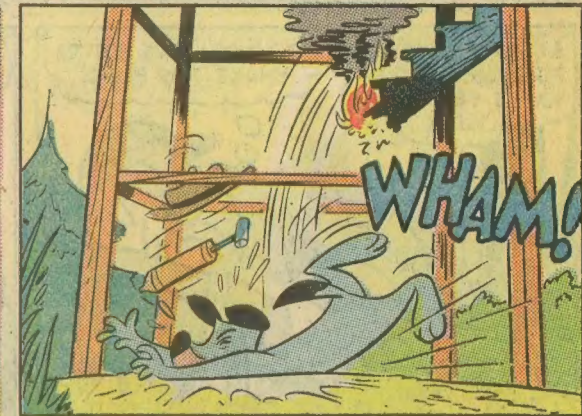
D-D-DON'T  
SHOOT!



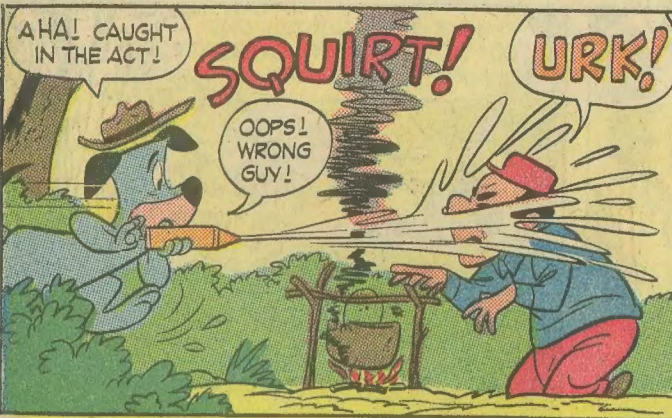
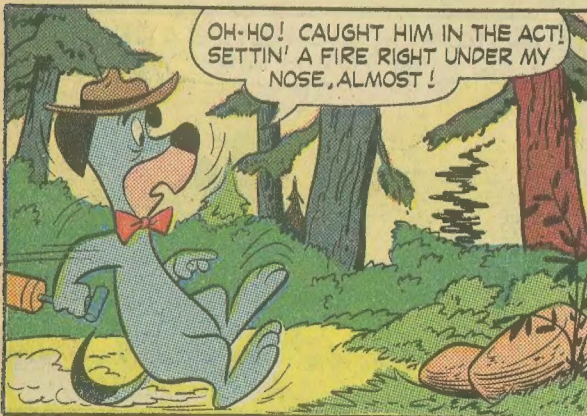
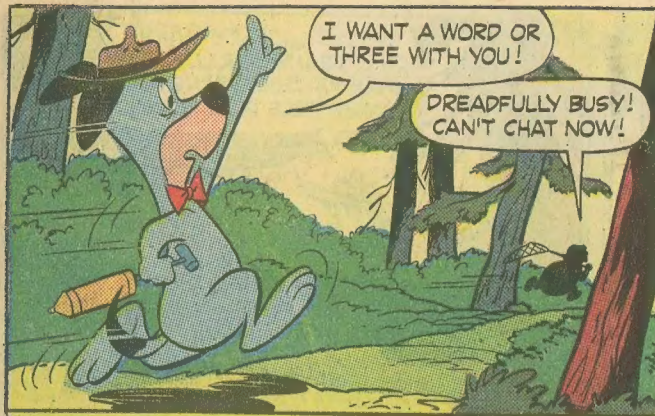




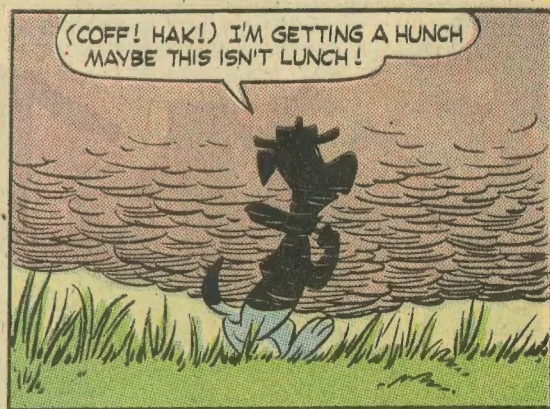
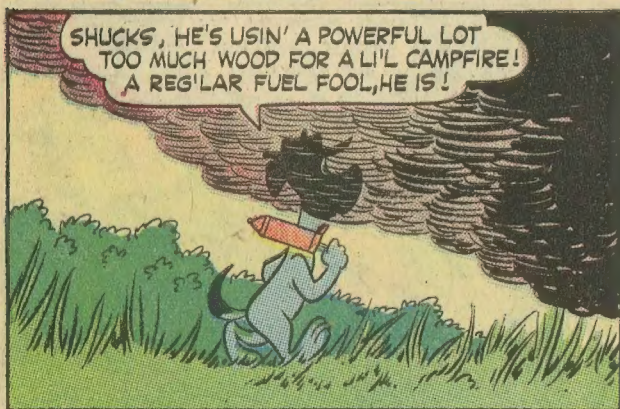




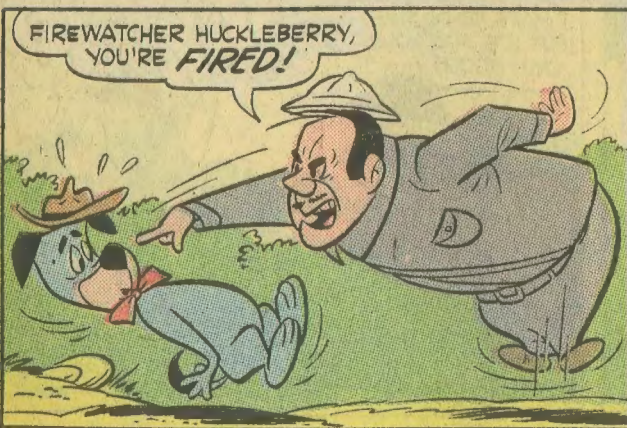
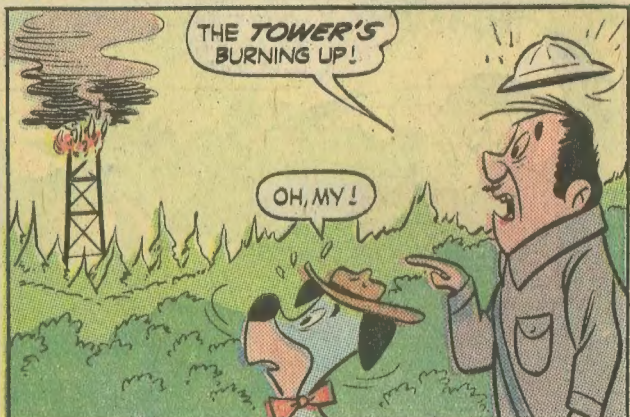
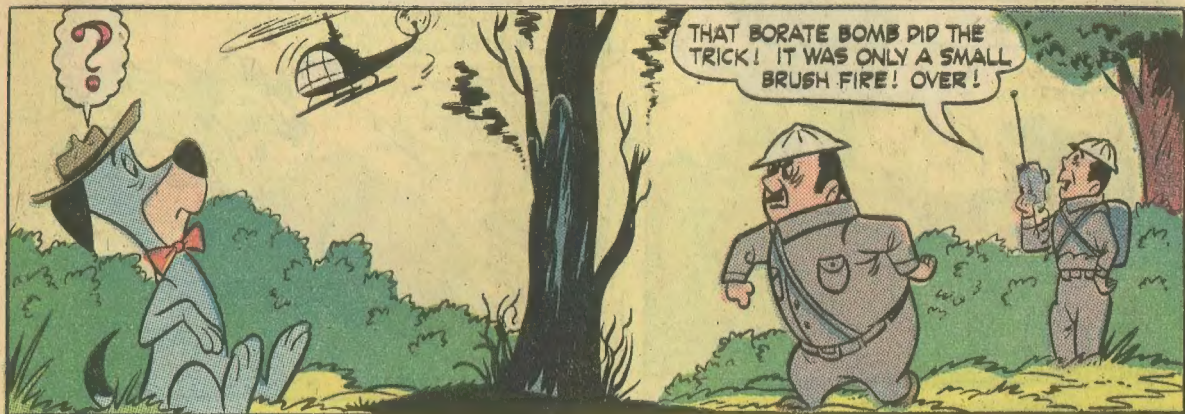




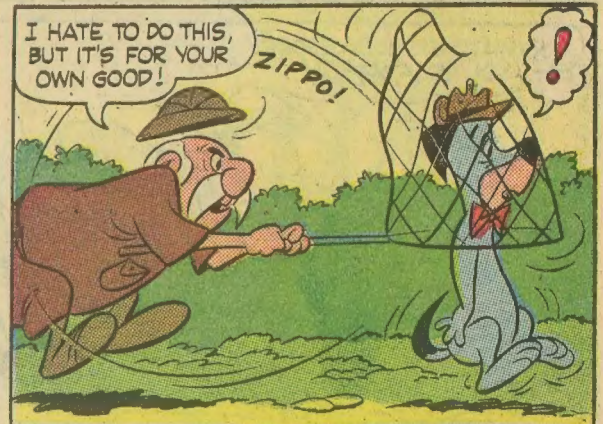
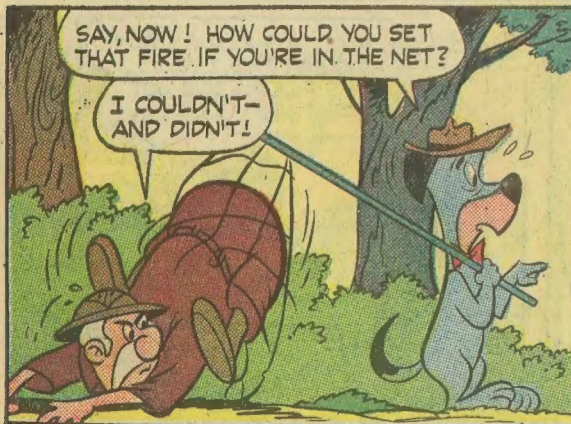
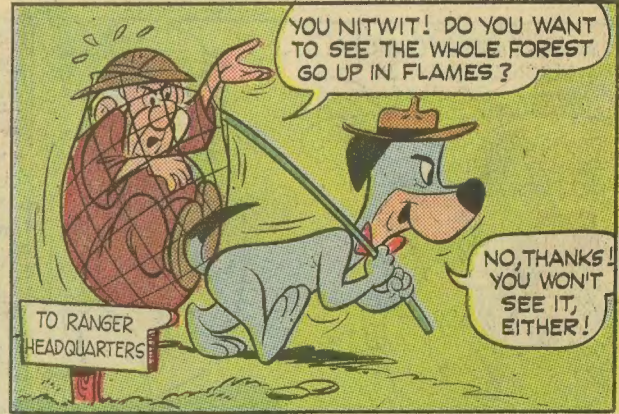
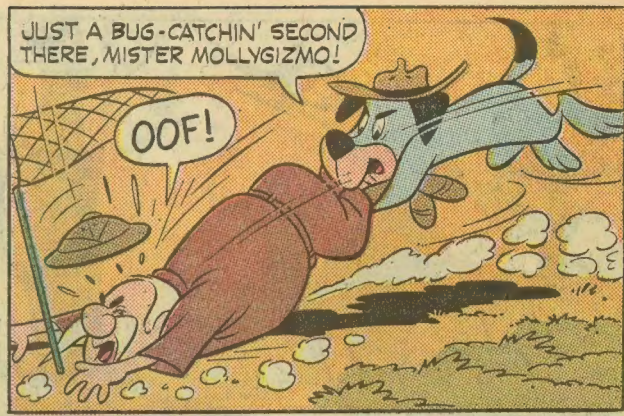




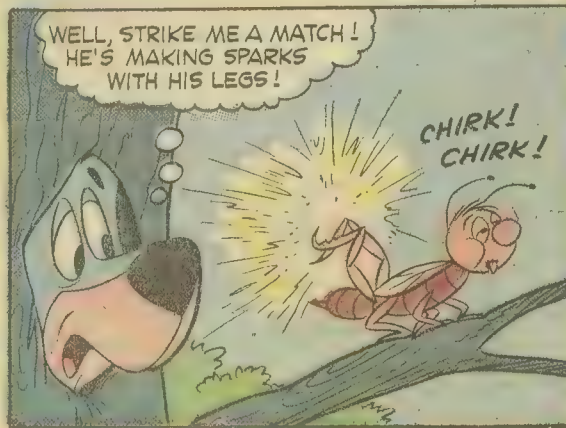
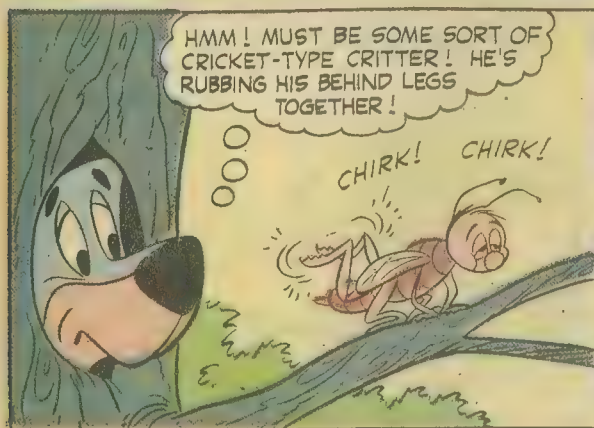
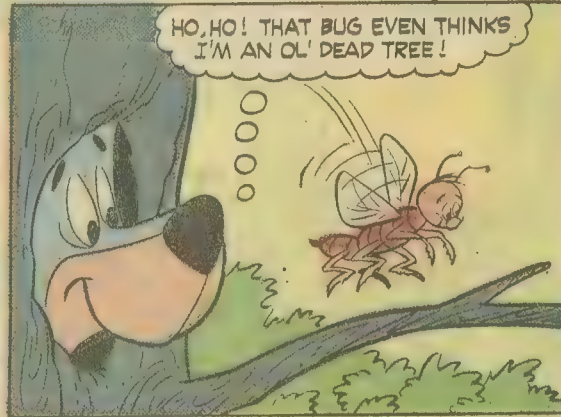
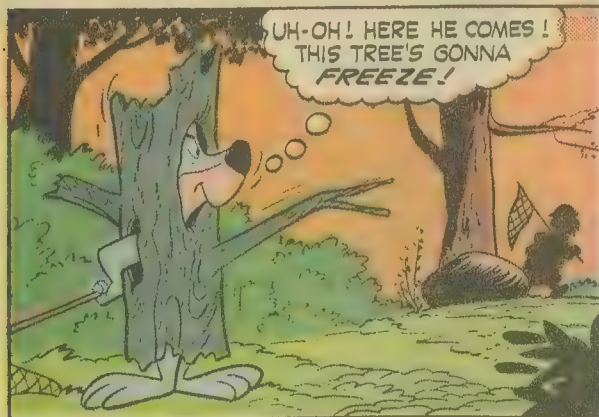
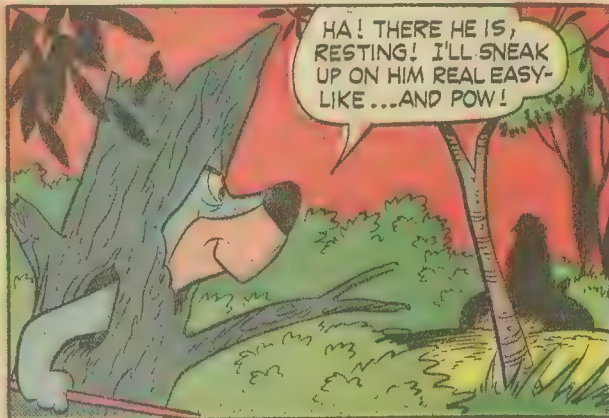
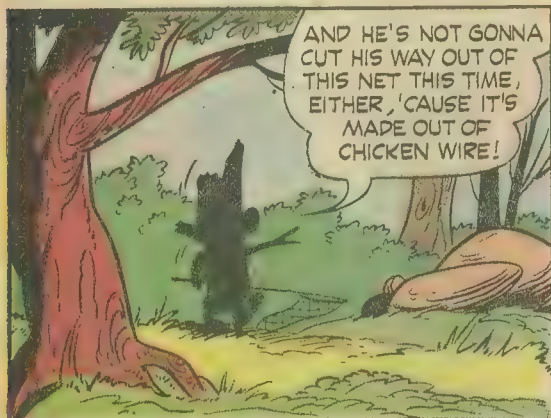
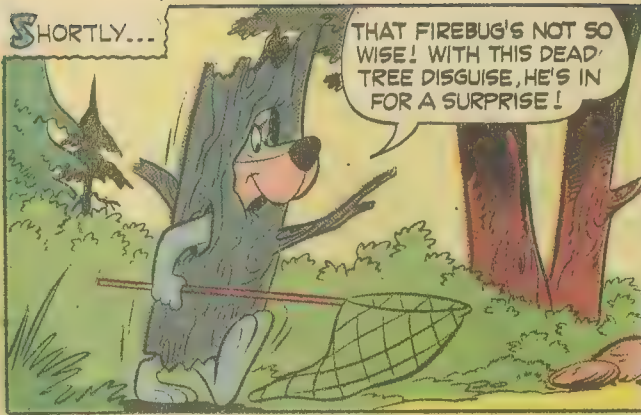
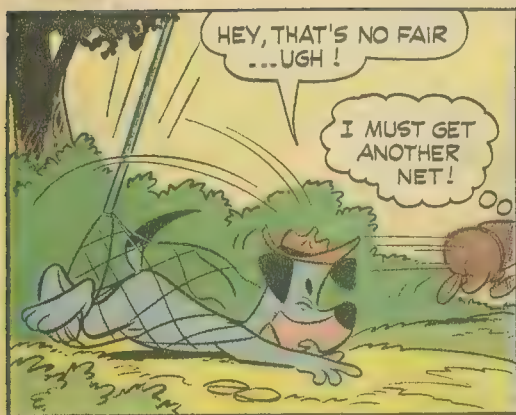




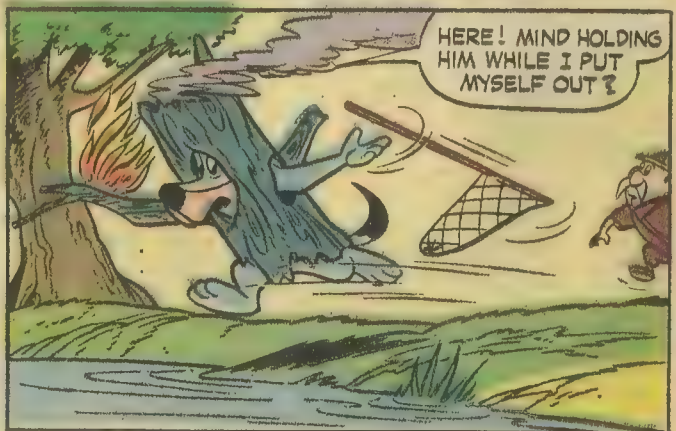
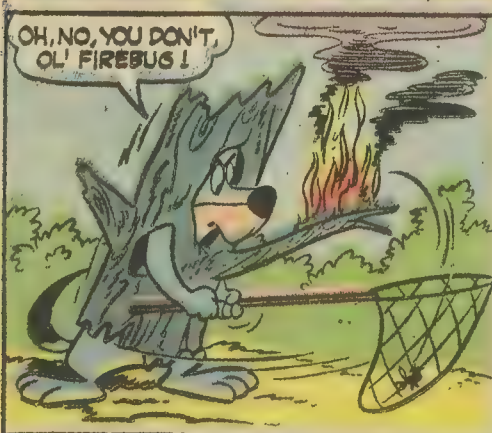
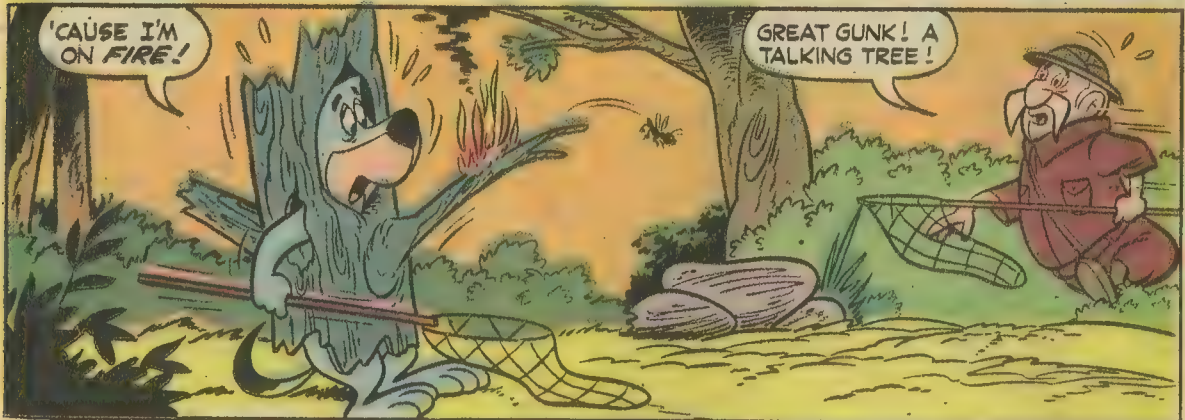
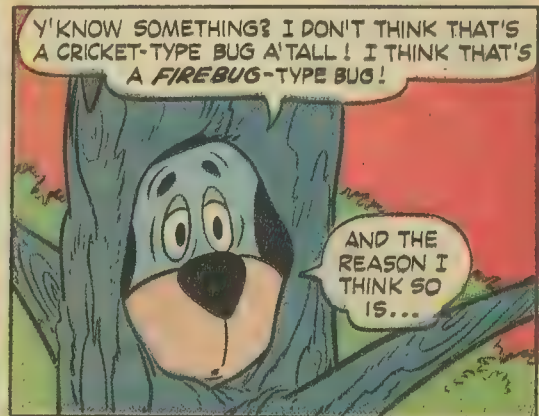
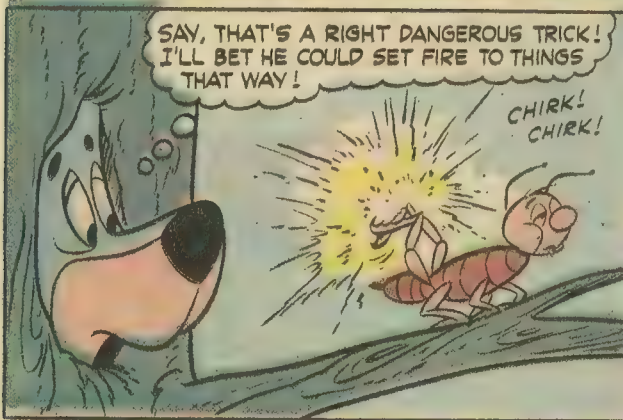
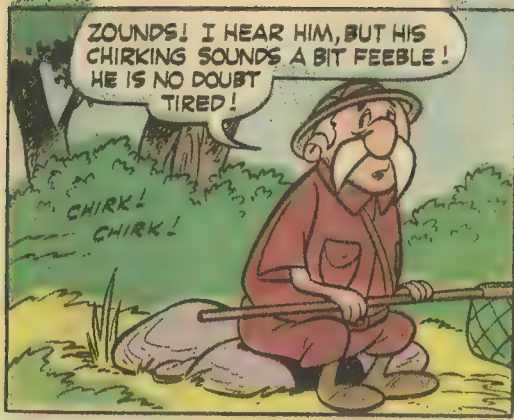




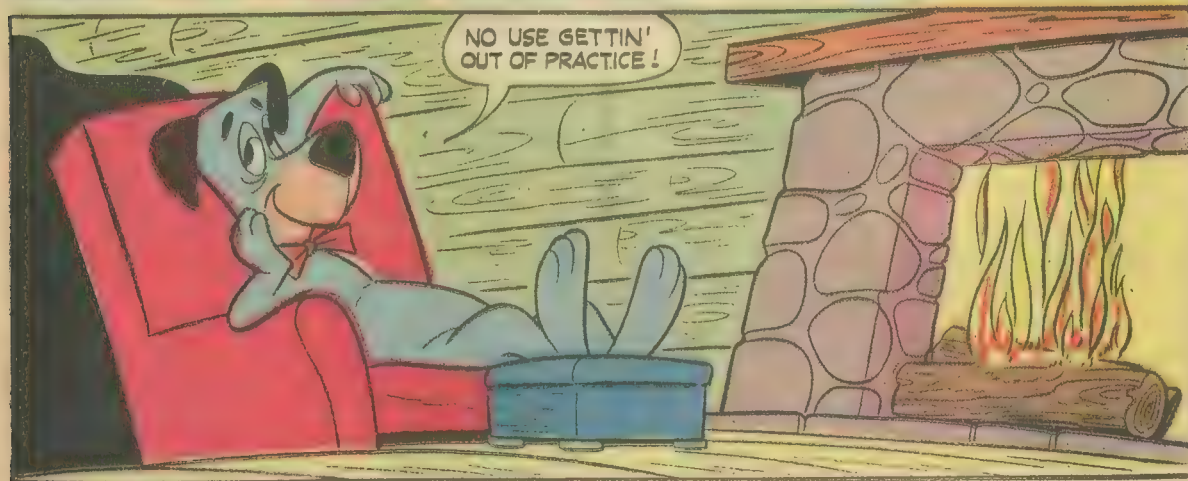
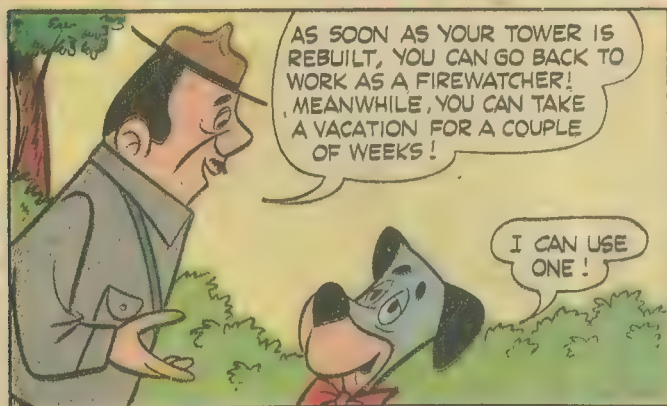
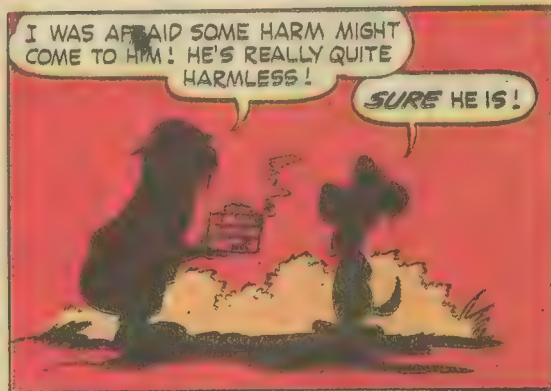
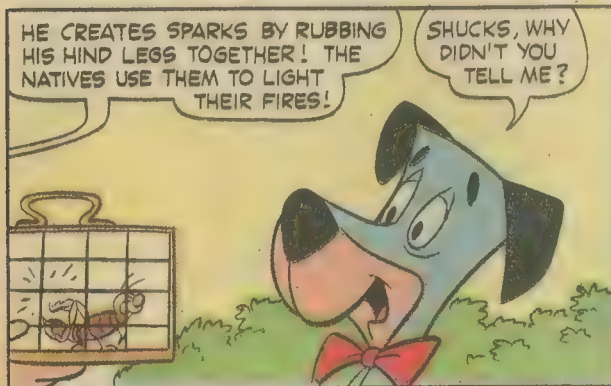
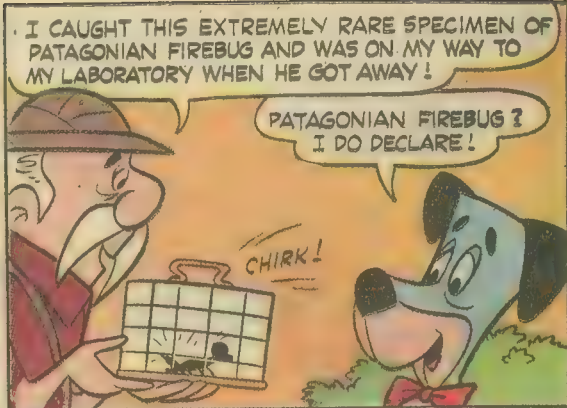
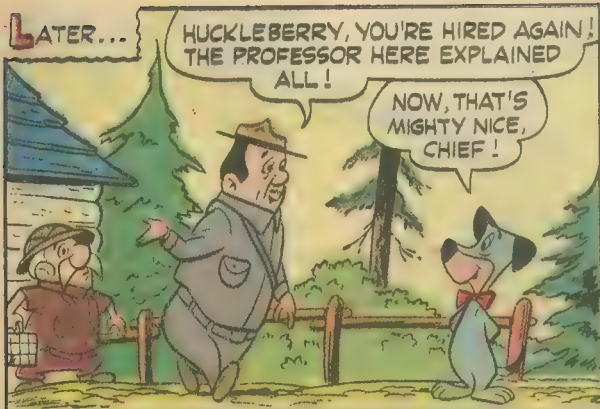














YOGI BEAR

# BUGABOO BEAR

HERE COMES ANOTHER  
BUNCH OF TOURISTS,  
BOO BOO!

I'LL GIVE 'EM THE  
"FRIGHT TREATMENT," SO  
WE WON'T BE BOTHERED  
WITH SIGHTSEERS!

AH, HOW  
PEACEFUL!

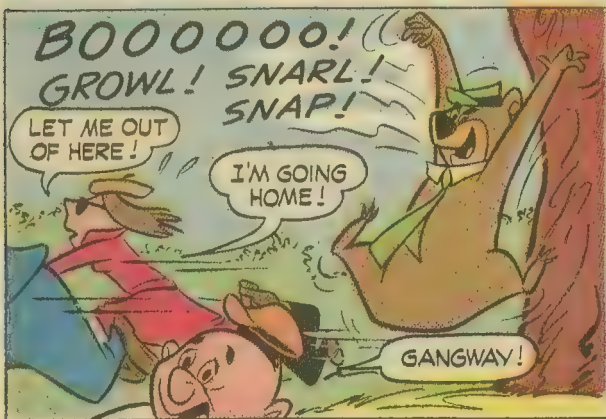


BOOOOOO!  
GROWL! SNARL!  
SNAP!

LET ME OUT  
OF HERE!

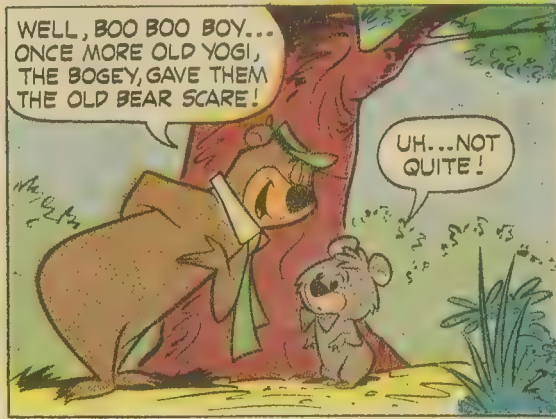
I'M GOING  
HOME!

GANGWAY!



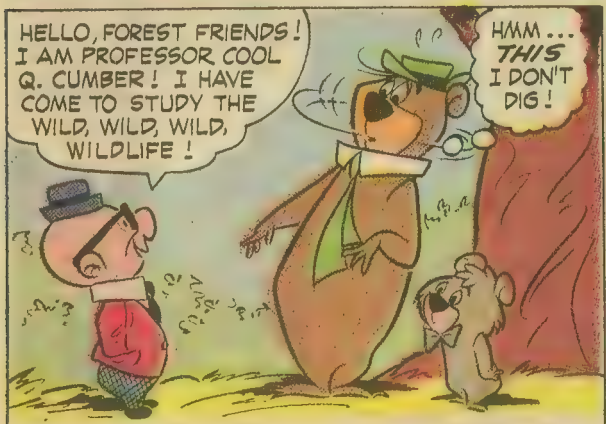
WELL, BOO BOO BOY...  
ONCE MORE OLD YOGI,  
THE BOGEY, GAVE THEM  
THE OLD BEAR SCARE!

UH...NOT  
QUITE!



HELLO, FOREST FRIENDS!  
I AM PROFESSOR COOL  
Q. CUMBER! I HAVE  
COME TO STUDY THE  
WILD, WILD, WILD,  
WILDLIFE!

HMM...  
*THIS*  
I DON'T  
DIG!

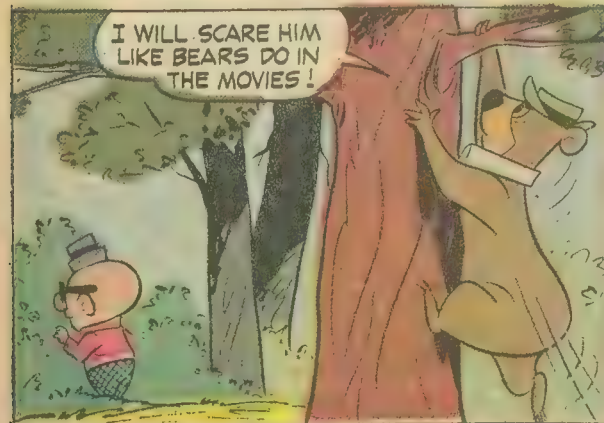
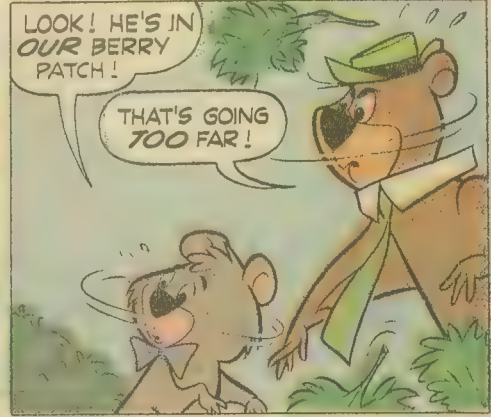
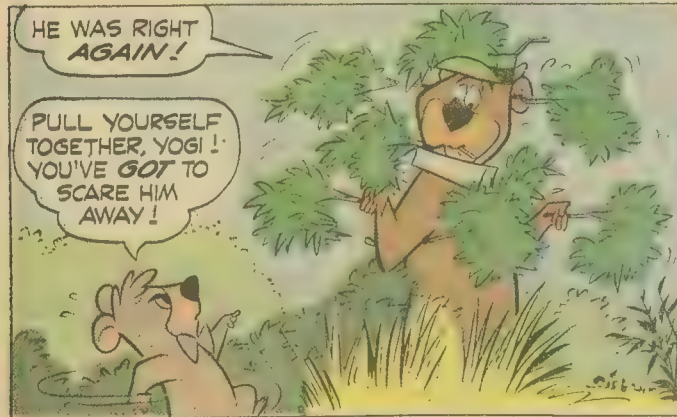
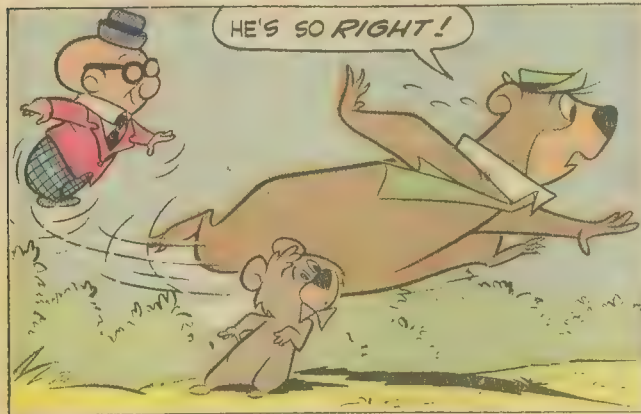
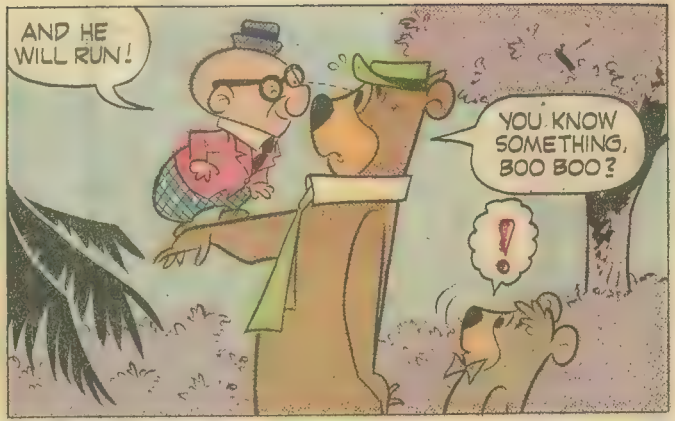
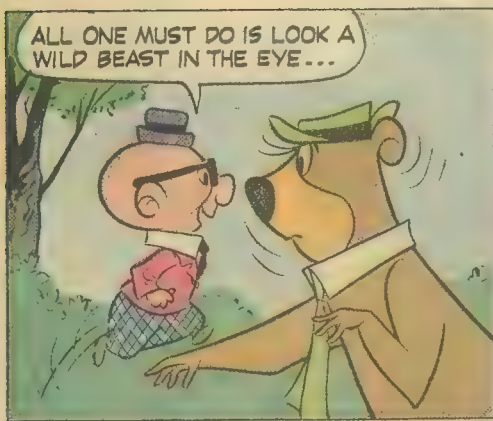


A PROF SHOULD HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO BE  
SCARED OF *ME*! I'M A *BEAR*, YOU KNOW!

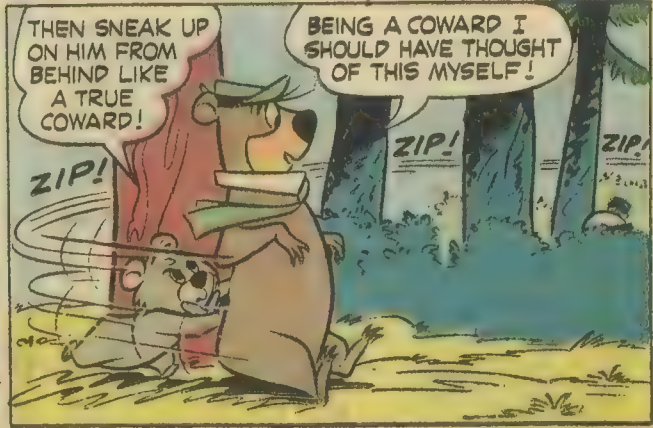
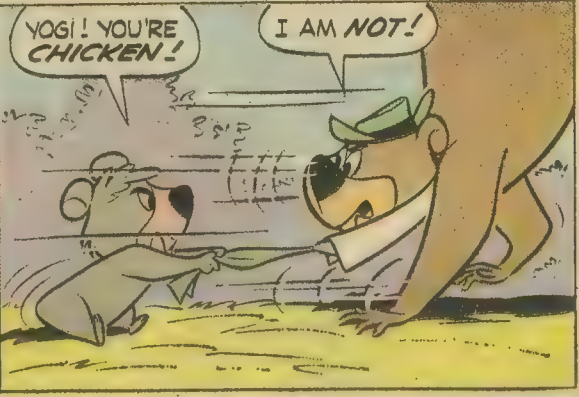
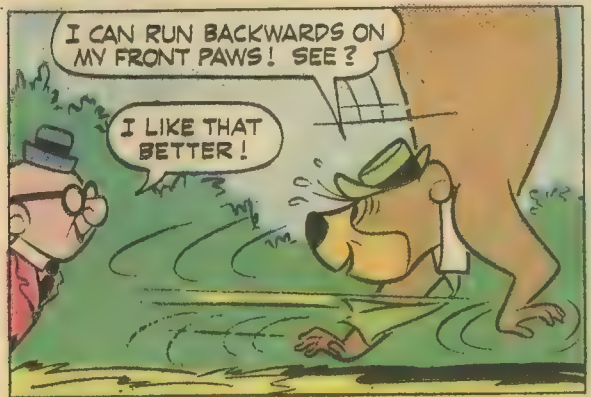
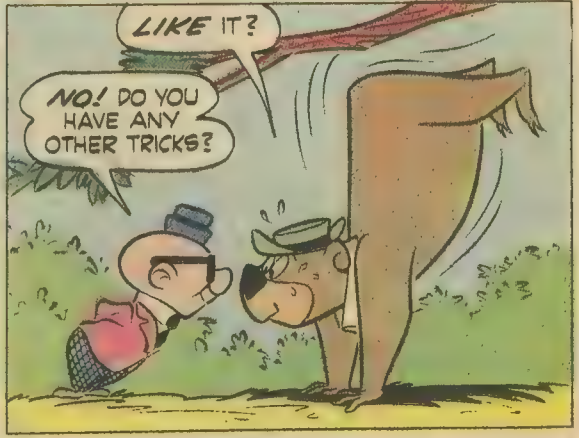
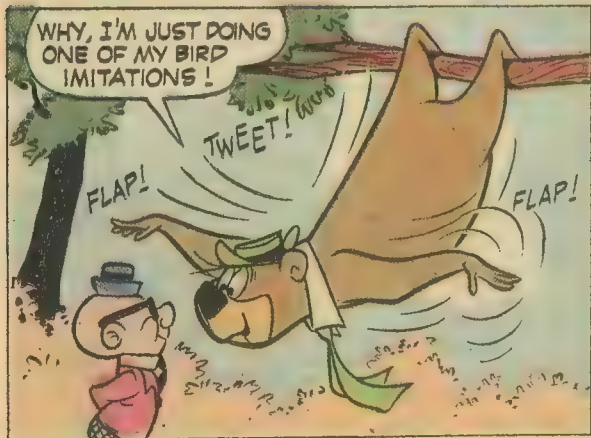
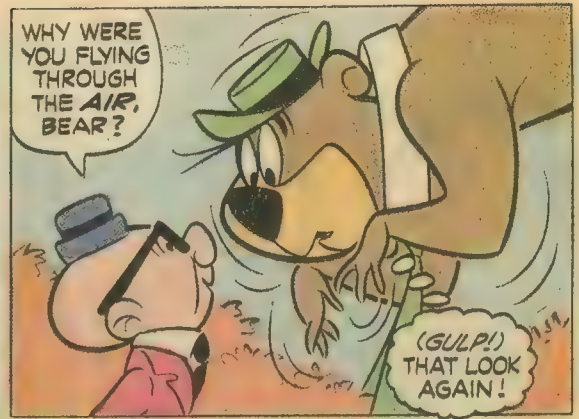
BUT BEARS ARE  
MORE AFRAID OF  
PEOPLE THAN  
VICE VERSA!



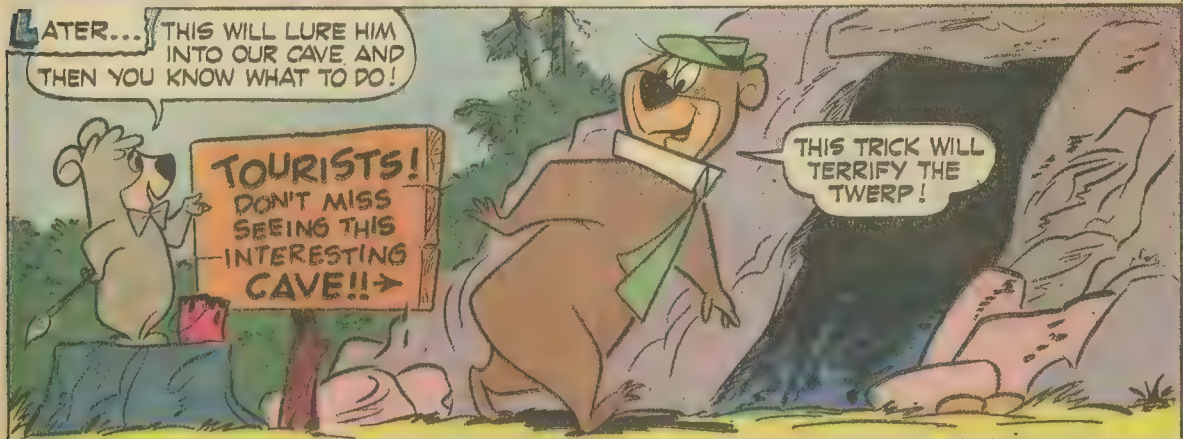
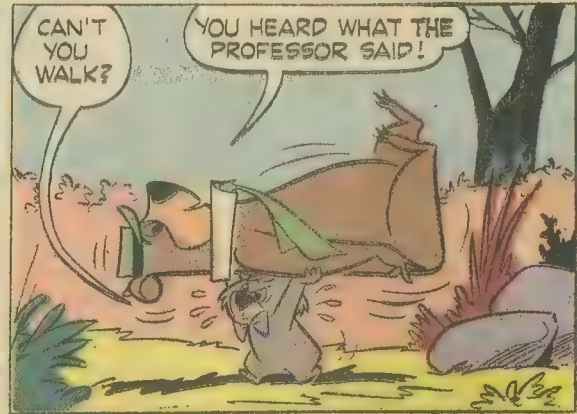
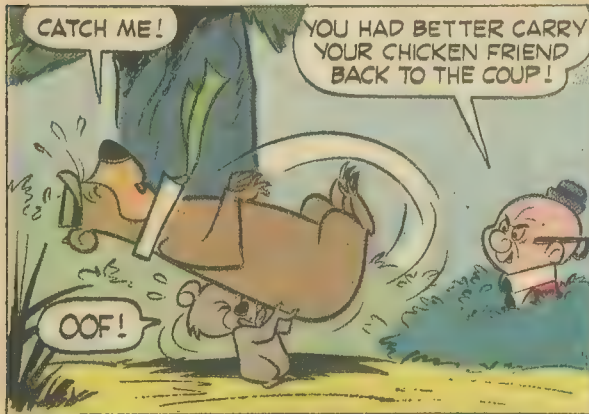
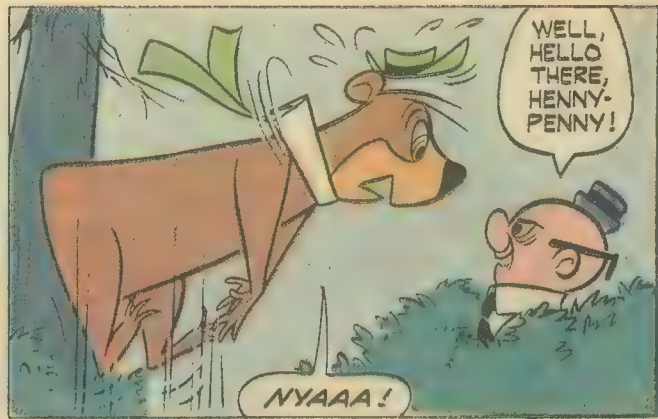




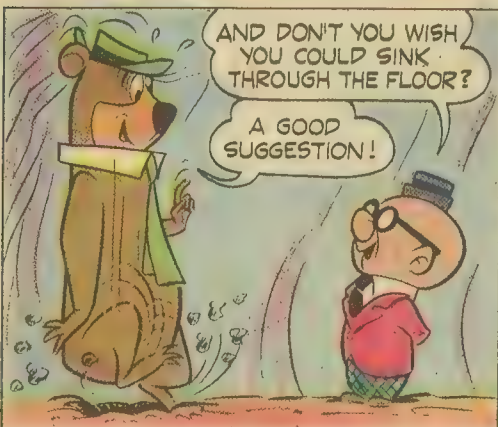
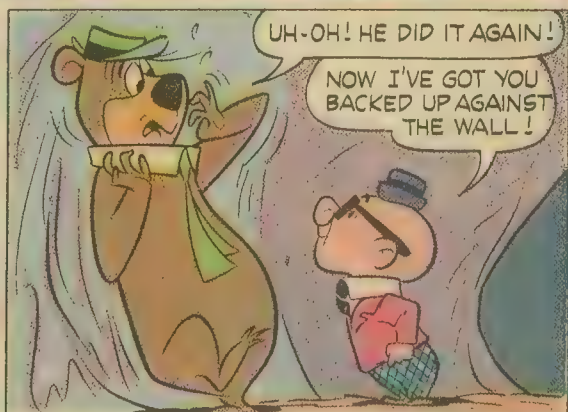
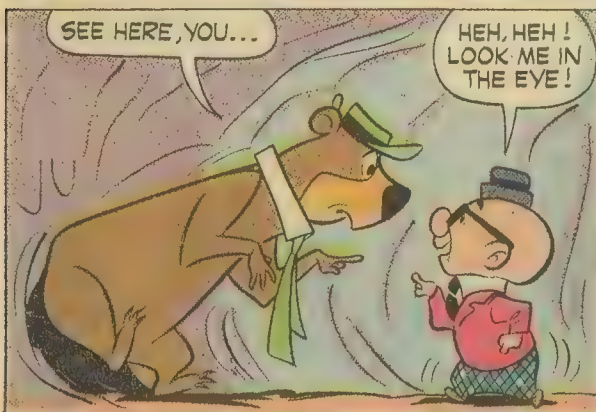
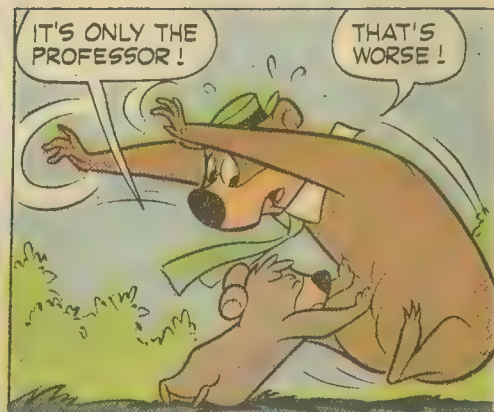
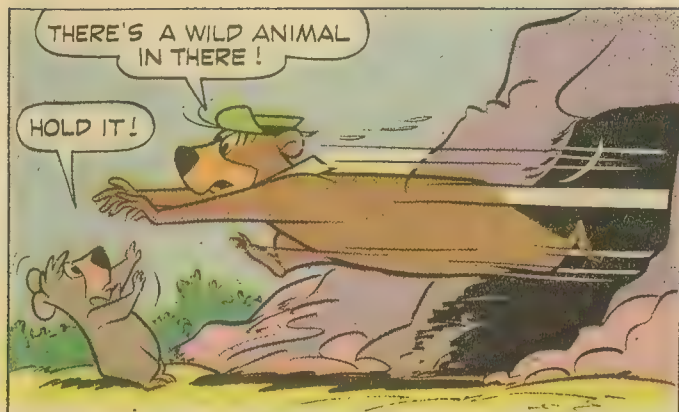




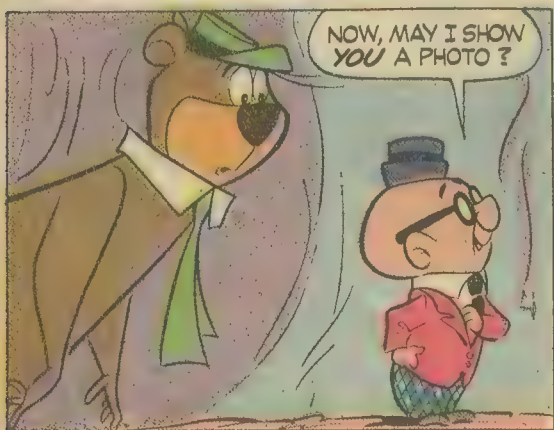
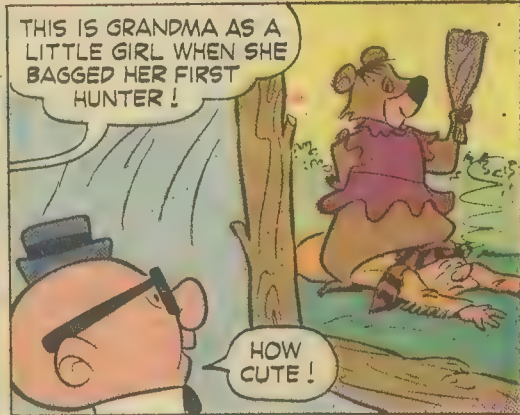
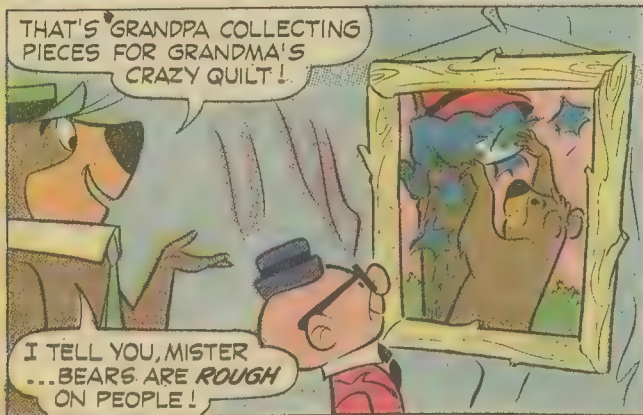
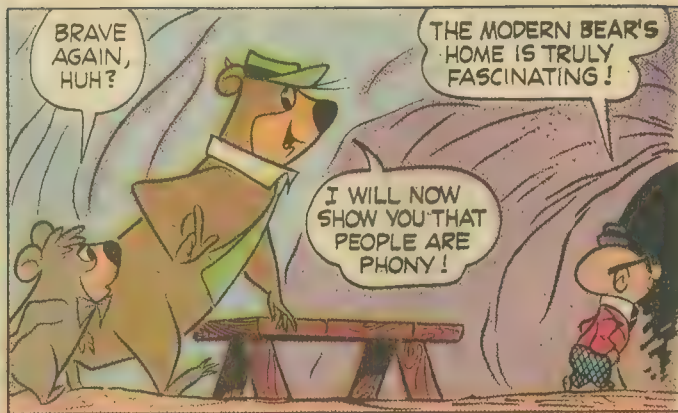
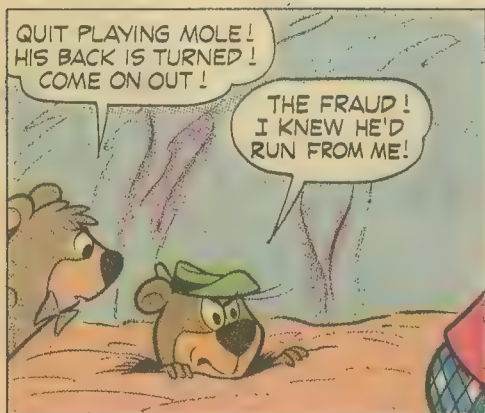




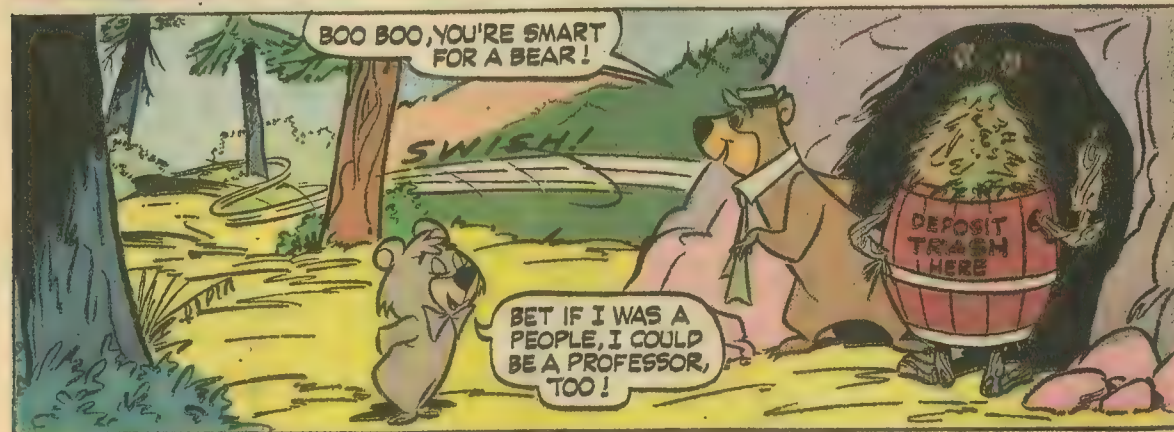
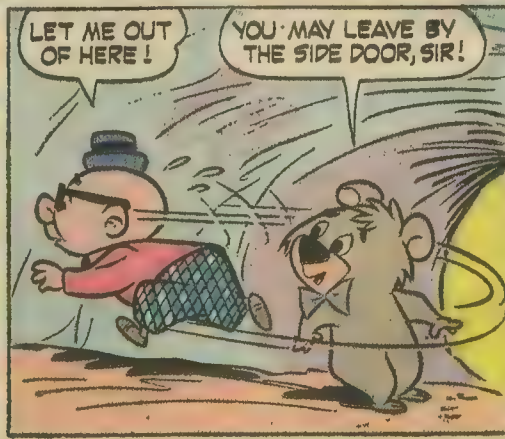
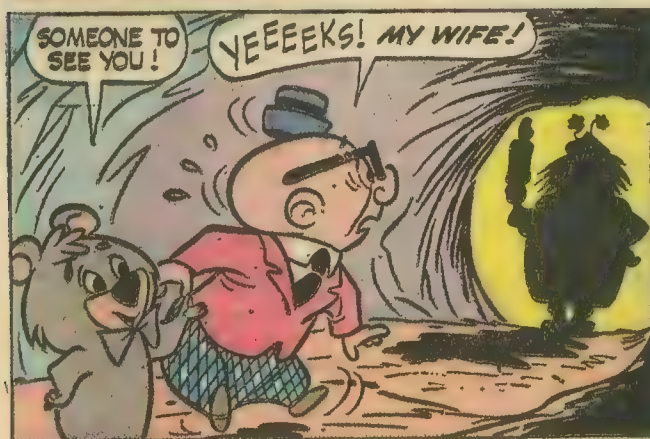
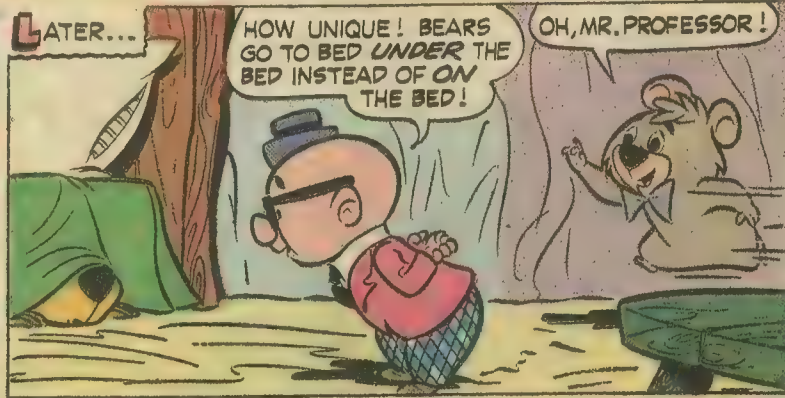
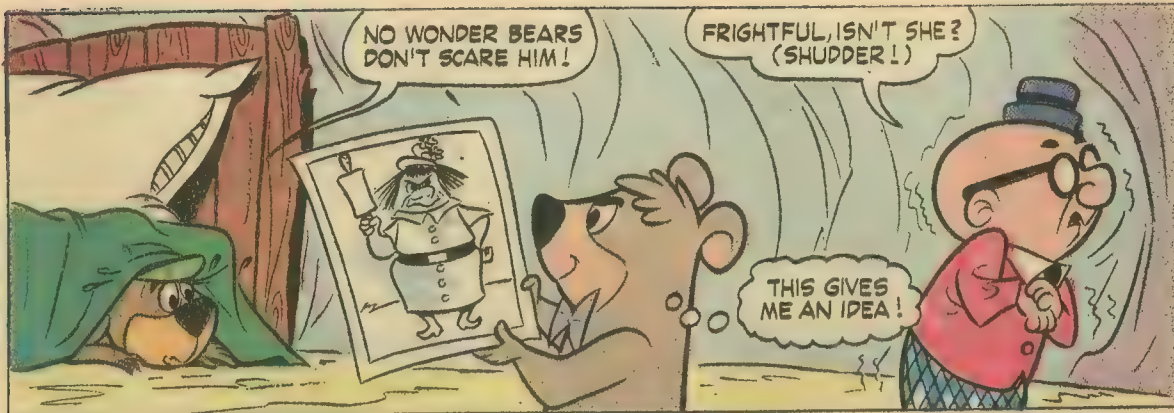




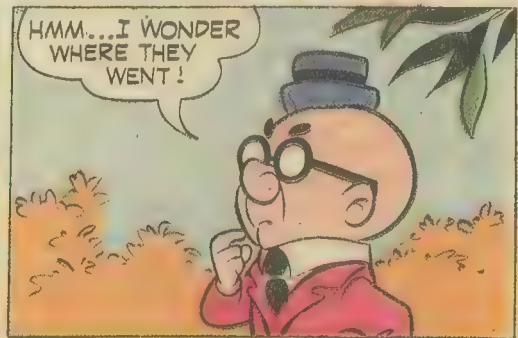
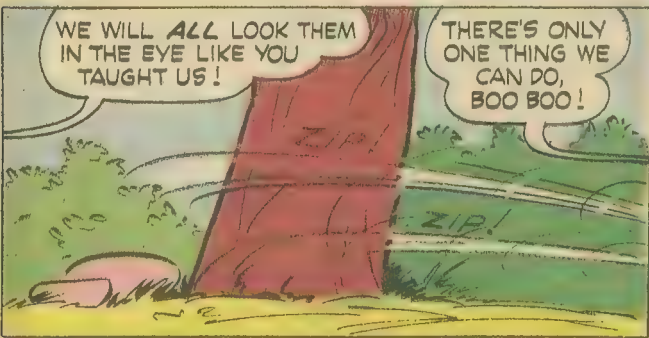
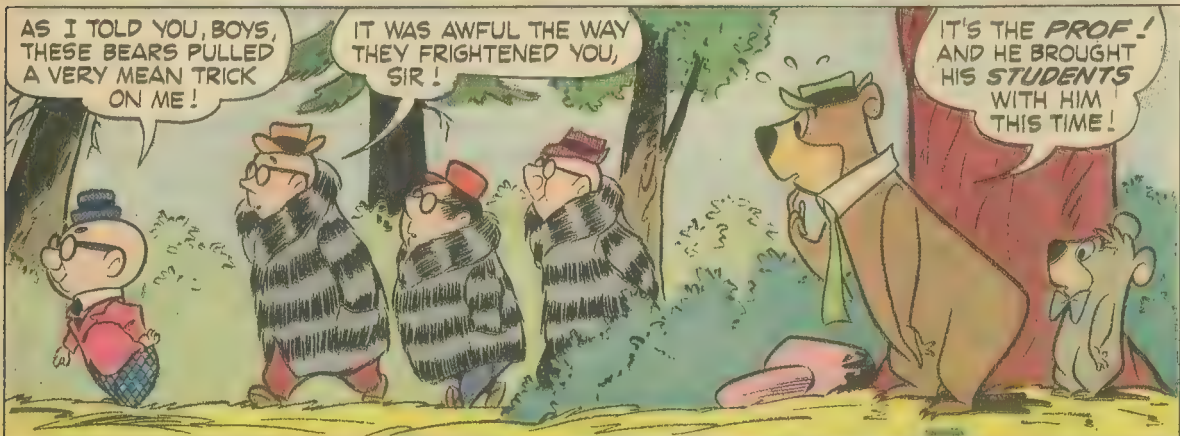
















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One day the sound of gunshots filled the air near the still blue pond in the wildwood where Bidly Buddy made his home.

"Wak!" Bidly Buddy squawked, ruffling his feathers nervously. "My mother told me there'd be days like this!"

The tiny, red-headed duckling skimmed back and forth over the water of his pond, wondering where he should go to hide from the approaching hunters.

Suddenly, out of the corner of one eye, he caught sight of a brightly colored mallard duck near the far end of the pond.

Bidly Buddy's feet churned under the water like paddles on a river boat, and, in a few moments, he drew abreast of the other duck, who had not moved since Bidly Buddy had first spotted him.

"Mr. Mallard, sir, please tell me where I should go and what I should do to hide from the mean old hunters!" Bidly Buddy pleaded.

But the big mallard just stared straight ahead and rocked dumbly from side to side in rhythm with the lapping waves.

Just then Bidly Buddy heard a loud flapping of wings overhead, and he was doused thoroughly as a flock of ducks came swooping out of the air to land on the water beside him. Before Bidly Buddy had a chance to complain about the ducking he had received, the sound of angry gunshots exploded from the banks of the pond.

"Erk!" one of the ducks cried. "This big mallard and the duckling are just decoys!"

With angry nips at Bidly Buddy, the ducks flapped off into the sky once again.

"Hey, I'm not a decoy!" Bidly Buddy cried in protest. "I'm just a defenseless little duckling who doesn't know what to do! On second thought, something tells me I do

know what to do!" he panted fearfully. "I'd better get out of here, too!"

As the guns roared again, scattering birdshot everywhere, Bidly Buddy took to the air. But wherever Bidly Buddy flew, the noise of blazing guns filled the sky.

"Woe is me!" he wailed mournfully as he landed and hid under a bush by another nearby pond. "I wish I could fly as fast and as far as the others. There must be something I can do to be safe from the hunters!"

As Bidly Buddy brooded under the bush he was surprised to see a hat floating by on the water close to shore.

"Say, one of the hunters lost his hat, and that gives me an idea!" he squawked in sudden inspiration.

Paddling out into the pond, he retrieved the hat by pushing it toward the shore. Tugging and straining, and panting and gasping, he pulled it up a slanted tree trunk and dropped it on top of the bush where he had previously been hiding.

A moment later he flew into the bush and found a perch right under the hat, where he sat as quietly as possible.

In a few minutes he heard some hunters approaching.

"Let's go someplace else to hunt, Joe," one of the hunters said. "Somebody already has this place. I can see the top of his hat through the bushes over there."

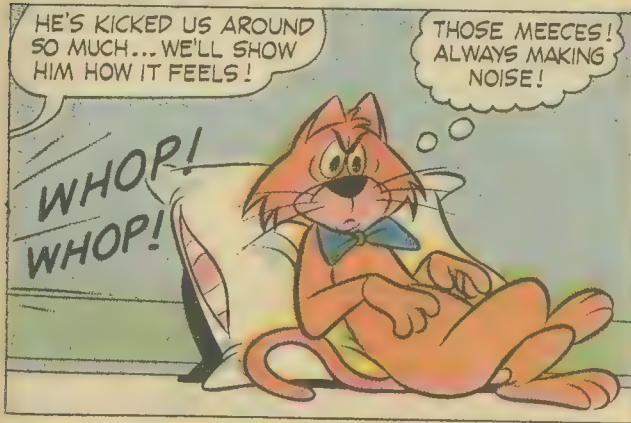
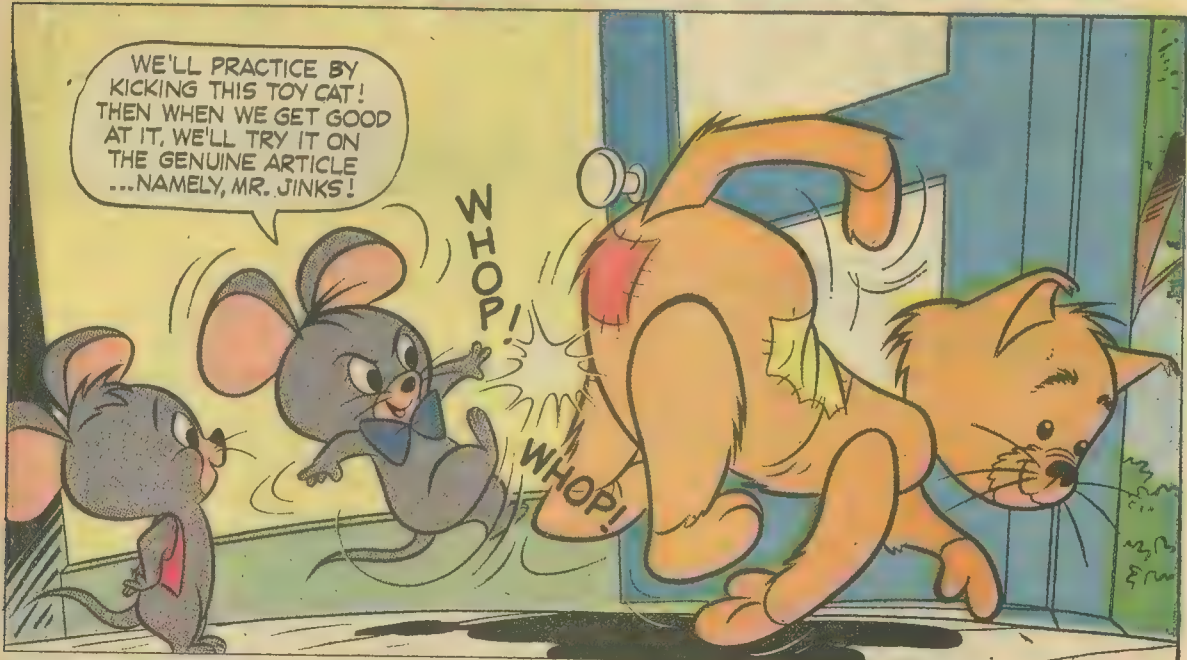
The hunters departed without seeing Bidly Buddy.

"Tee-hee!" Bidly Buddy giggled to himself. "I'll be safe and sound from all the hunters now. They fooled me with their decoy duck, but I'll bet'cha this is the first time they've ever been fooled by a decoy hunter!"

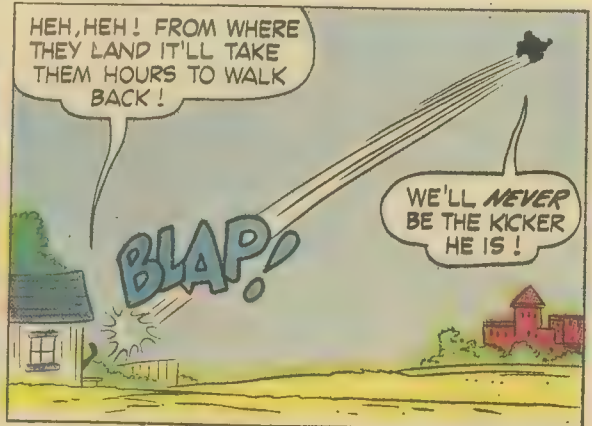
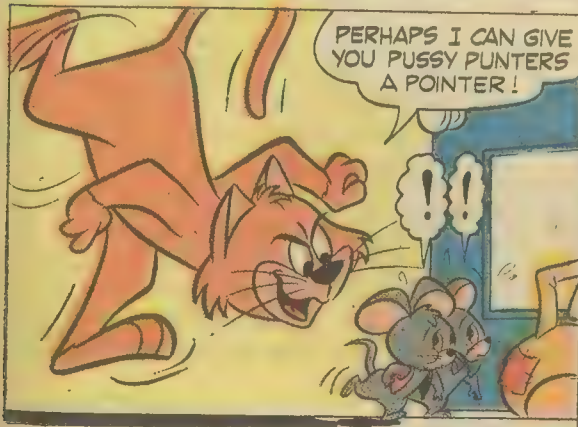
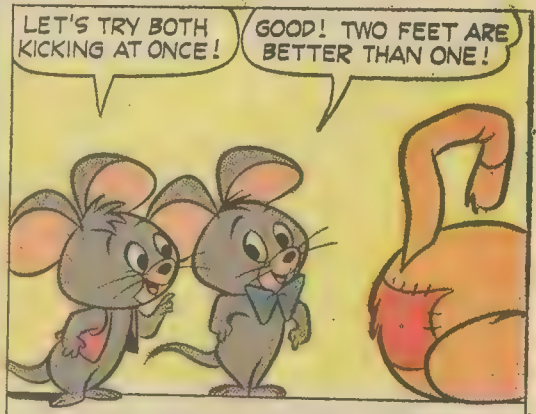


# PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

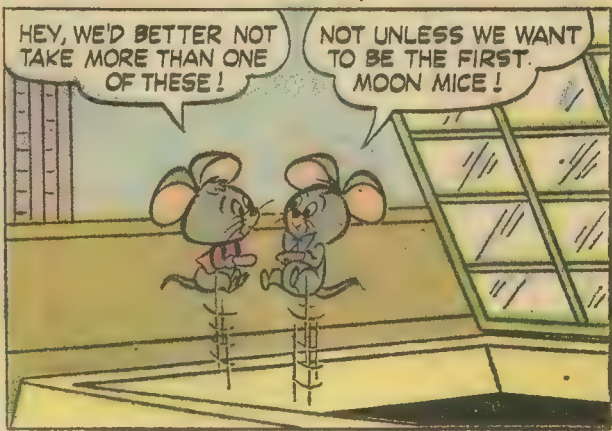
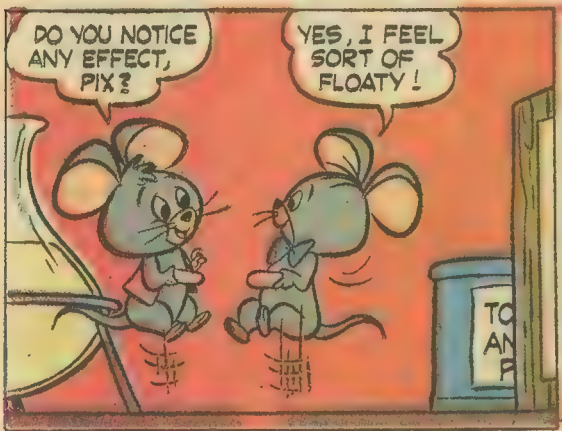
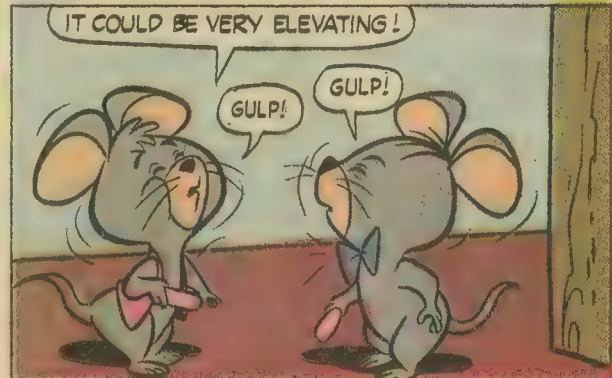
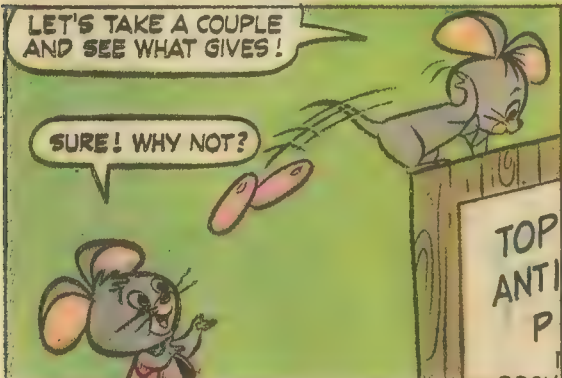
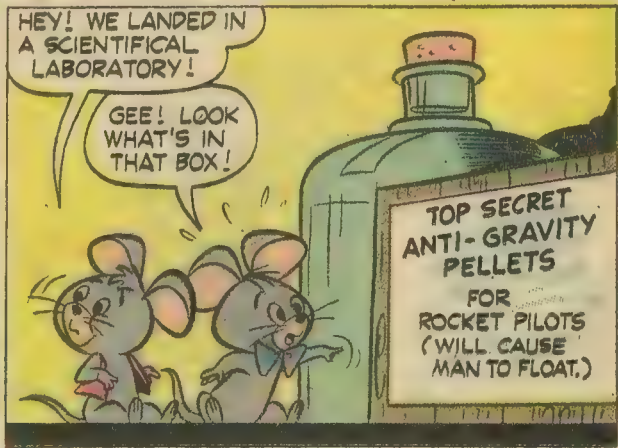
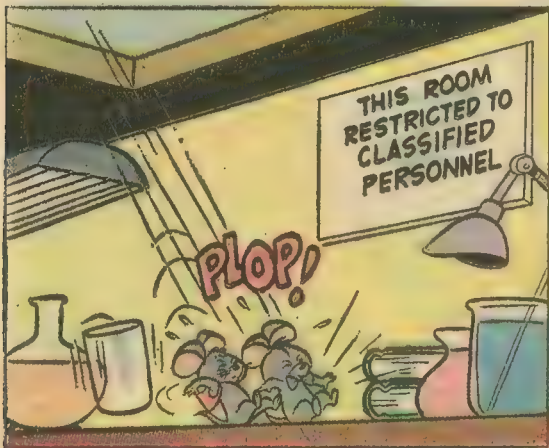
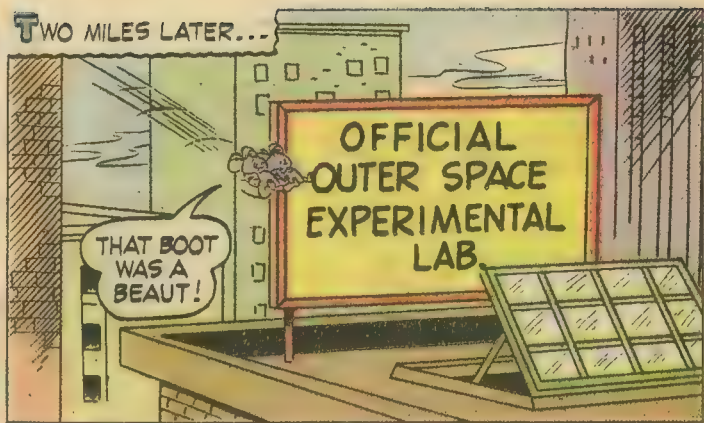
## The FLYING MEECES



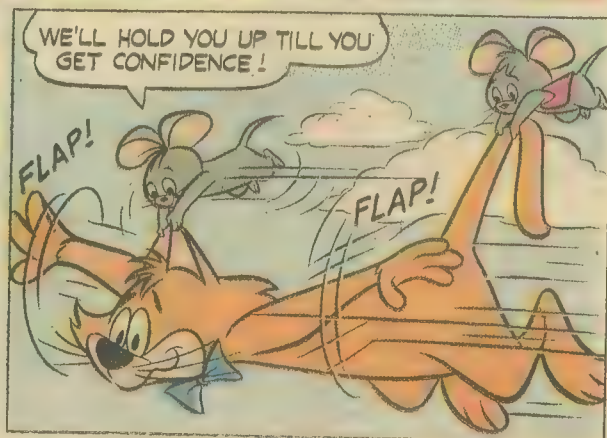
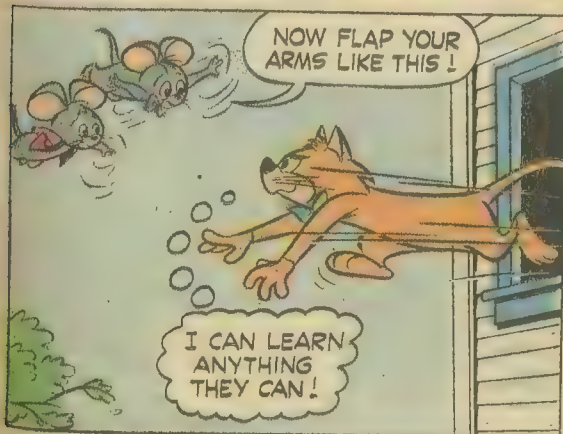
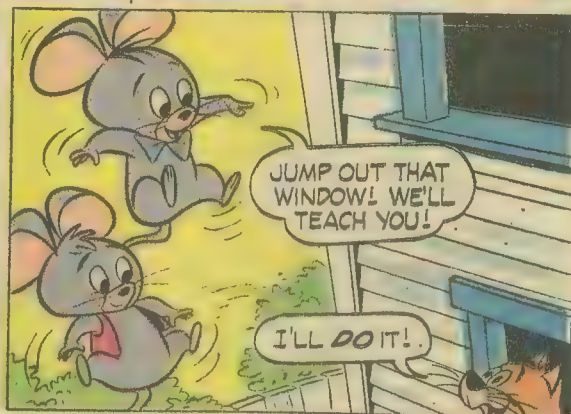
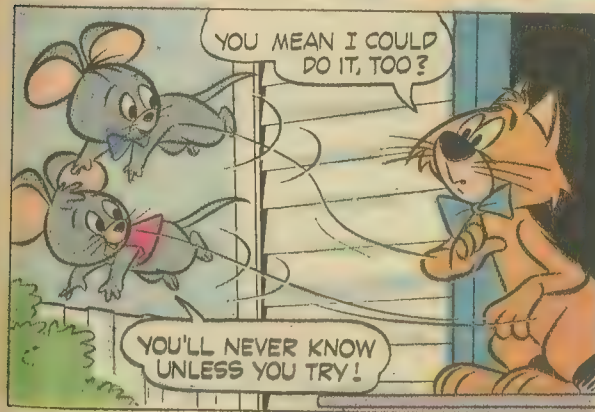
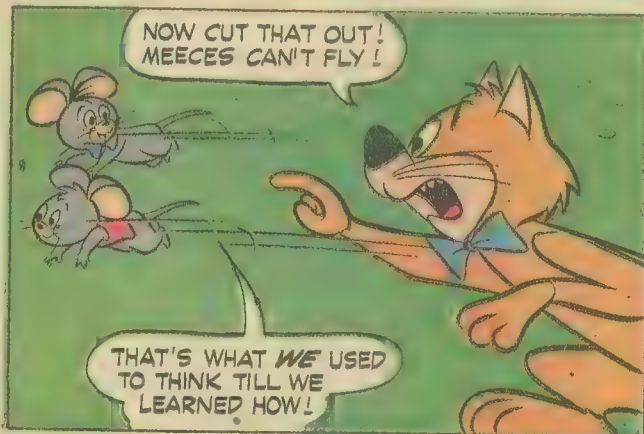
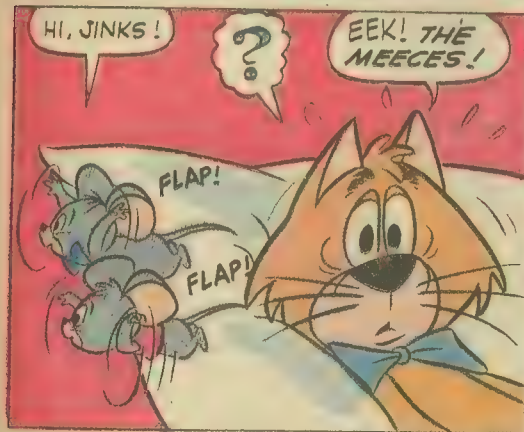
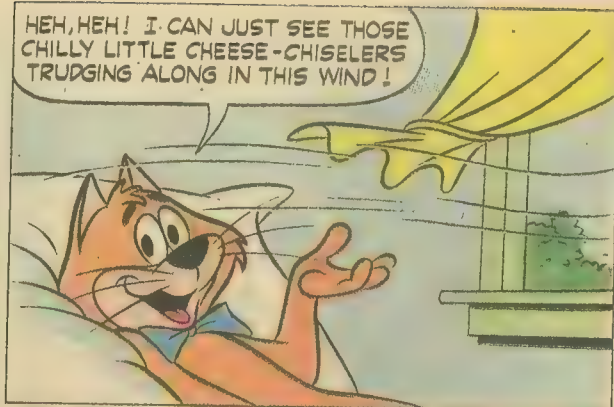
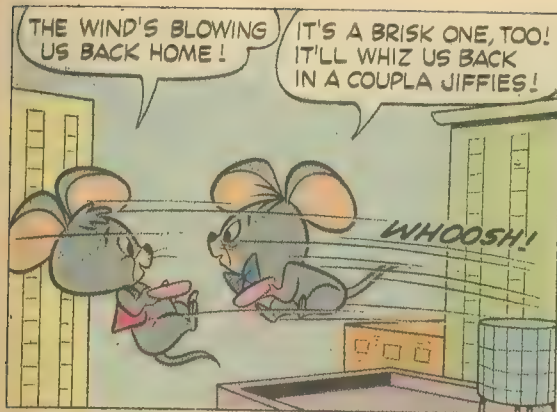
THOSE MEECES! ALWAYS MAKING NOISE!



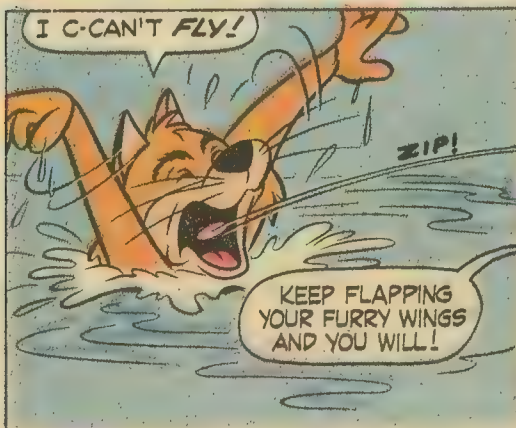
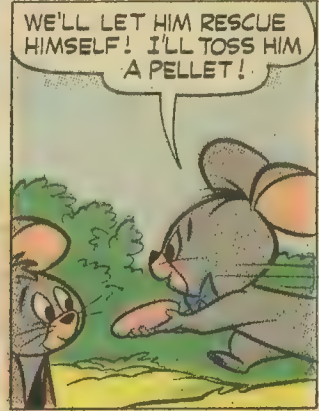
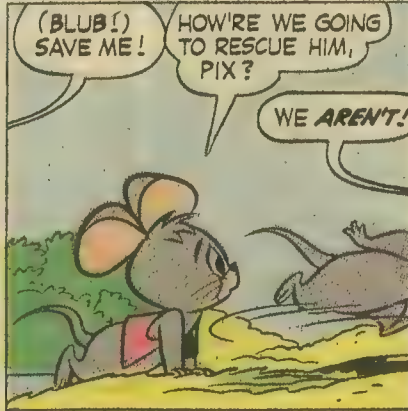
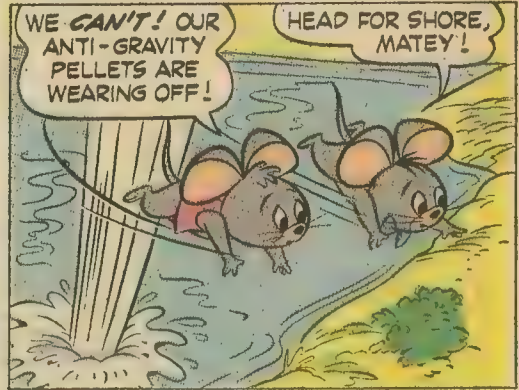
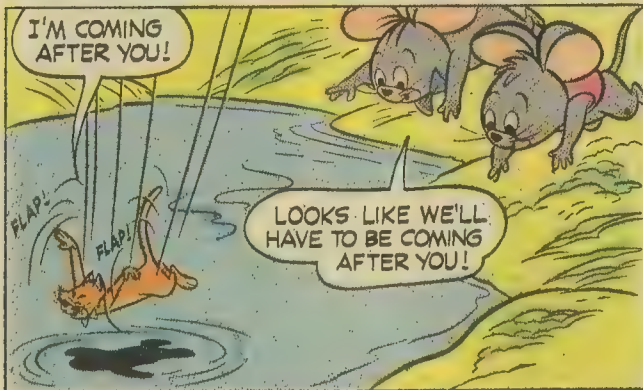
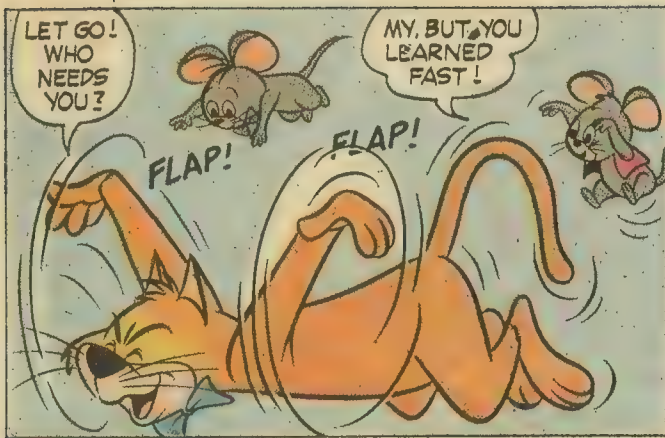




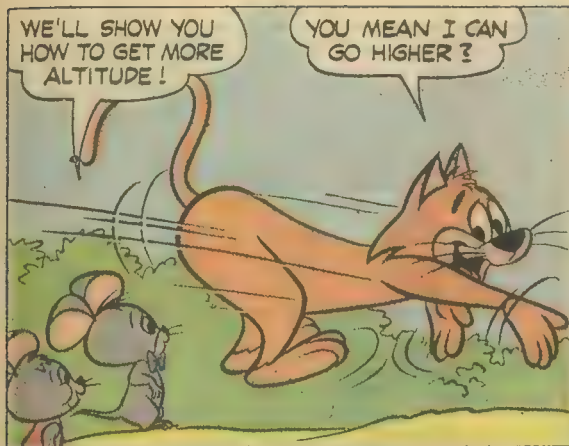






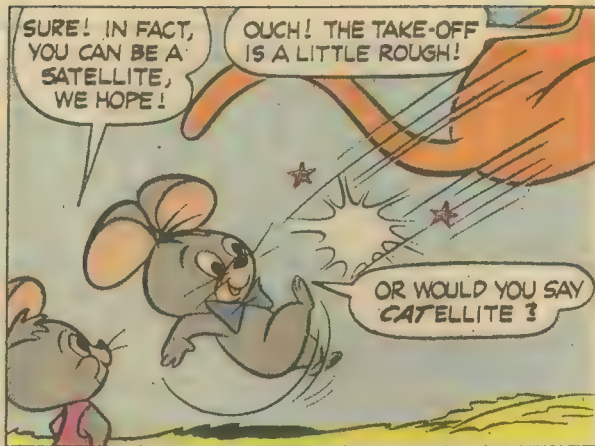






WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO GET MORE ALTITUDE!

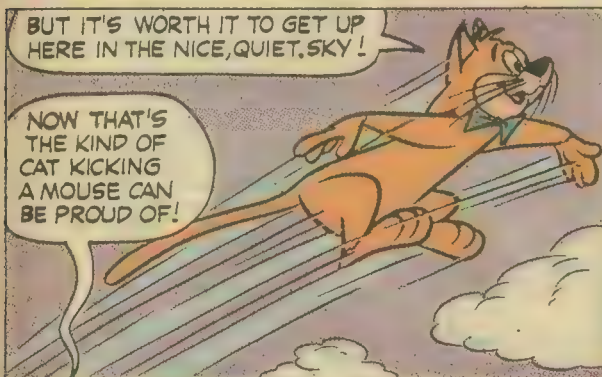
YOU MEAN I CAN GO HIGHER?



SURE! IN FACT, YOU CAN BE A SATELLITE, WE HOPE!

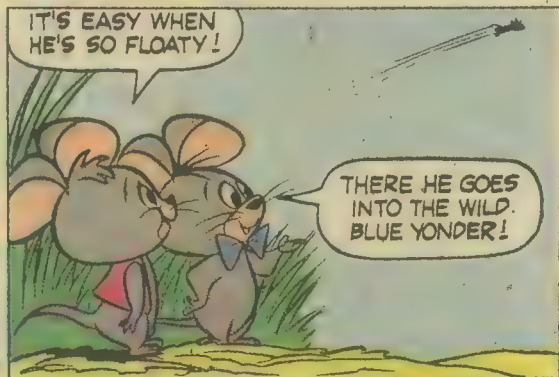
OUCH! THE TAKE-OFF IS A LITTLE ROUGH!

OR WOULD YOU SAY CATELLITE?



BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO GET UP HERE IN THE NICE, QUIET, SKY!

NOW THAT'S THE KIND OF CAT KICKING A MOUSE CAN BE PROUD OF!



IT'S EASY WHEN HE'S SO FLOATY!

THERE HE GOES INTO THE WILD, BLUE YONDER!



LATER...

IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR JINKS'S PELLETS TO WEAR OFF, DIXIE!

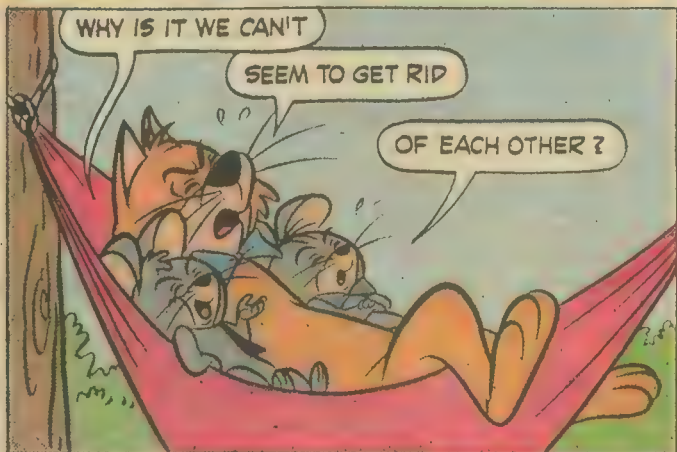


YES, HE'LL BE LANDING IN SOME STRANGE PLACE SHORTLY, PIXIE!

IT WAS TOO TIRING FLYING AGAINST THAT WIND, SO WHY FIGHT IT?



FLOOP!



WHY IS IT WE CAN'T

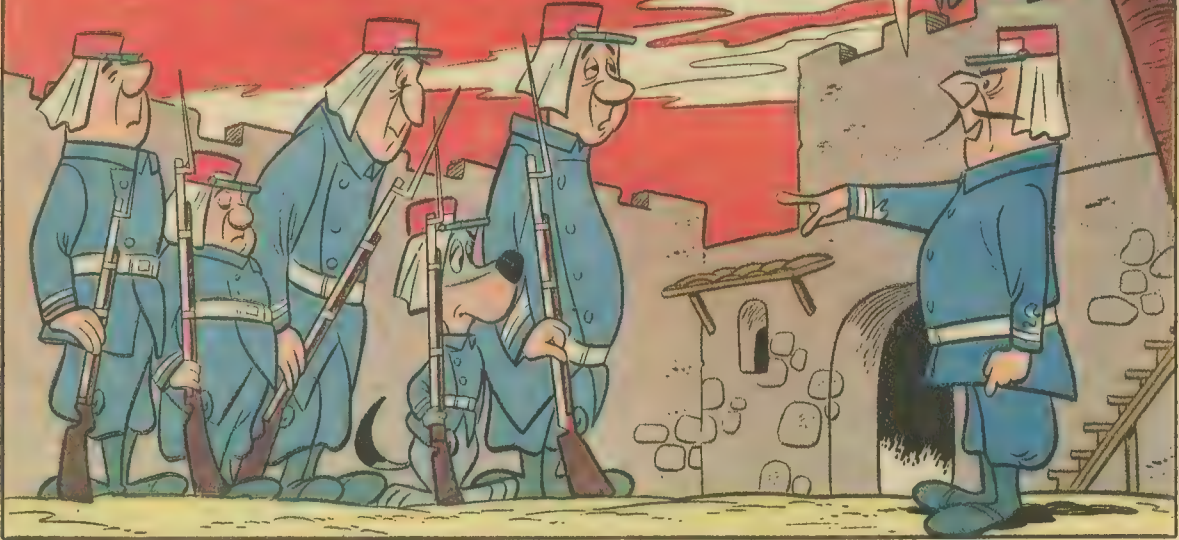
SEEM TO GET RID

OF EACH OTHER?

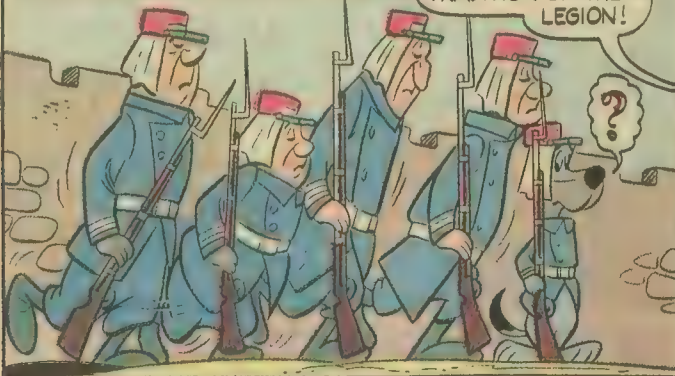


# HUCKLEBERRY HOUND INVOLUNTARY VOLUNTEER

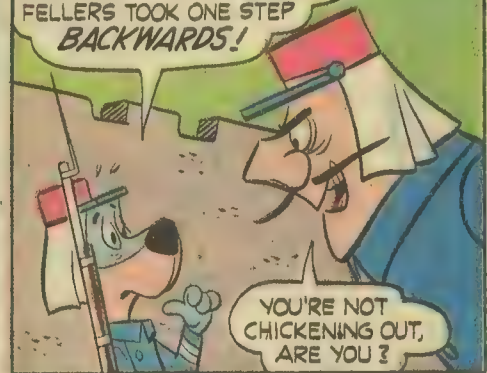
MEN, I WANT A VOLUNTEER  
FOR A DANGEROUS MISSION!  
SOMEBODY PLEASE TAKE  
ONE STEP FORWARD!



AH! PRIVATE HUCKLEBERRY! YOU ACTED IN THE TRUE  
TRADITION OF THE  
LEGION!

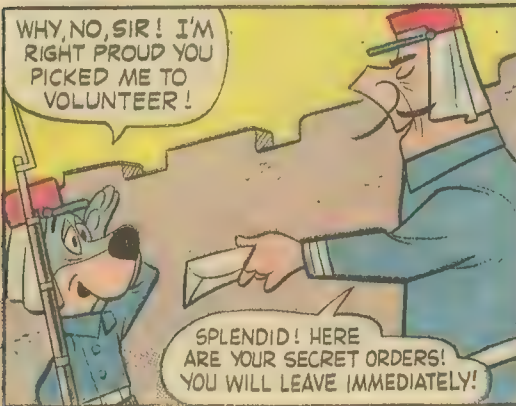


B-BUT, MISTER SERGEANT, SIR!  
I DIDN'T MOVE! THE OTHER  
FELLERS TOOK ONE STEP  
**BACKWARDS!**



YOU'RE NOT  
CHICKENING OUT,  
ARE YOU?

WHY, NO, SIR! I'M  
RIGHT PROUD YOU  
PICKED ME TO  
VOLUNTEER!



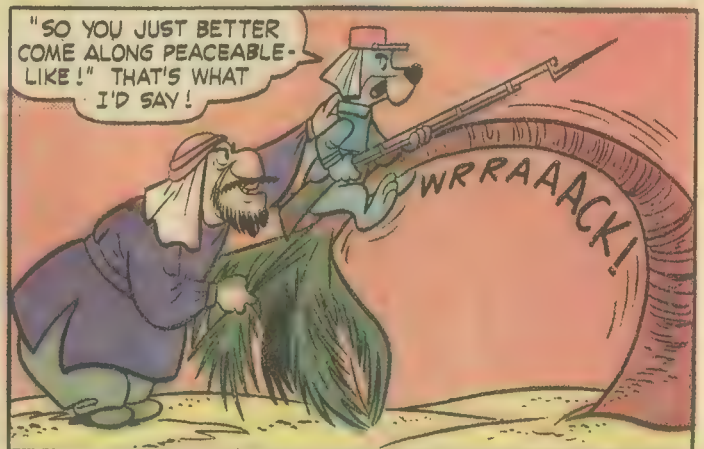
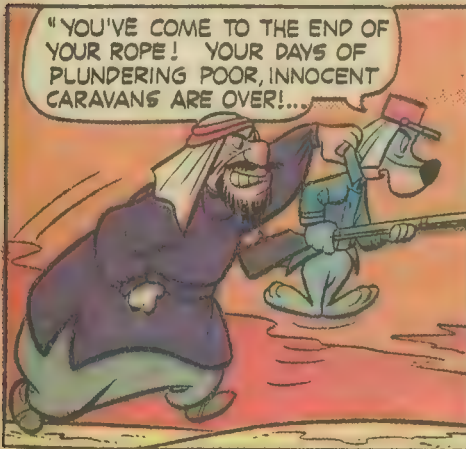
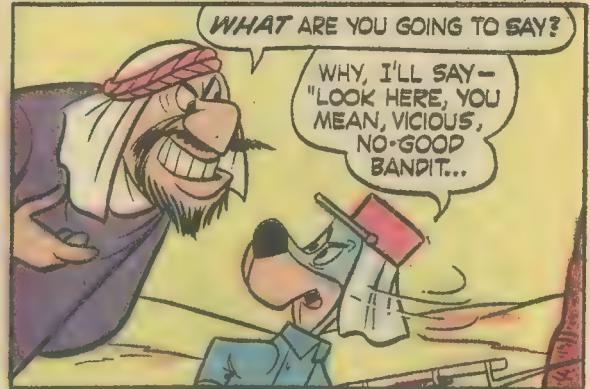
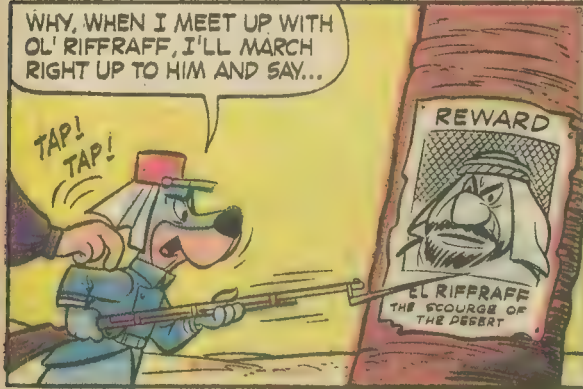
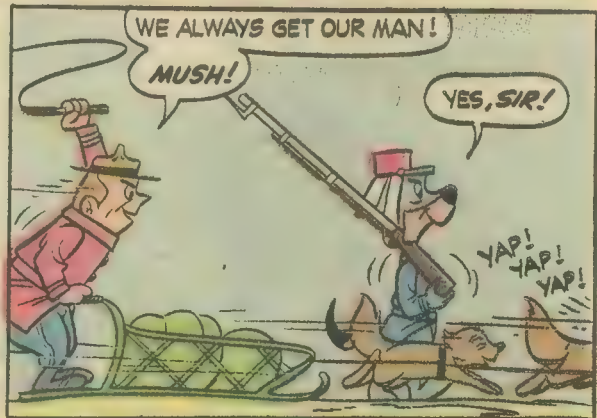
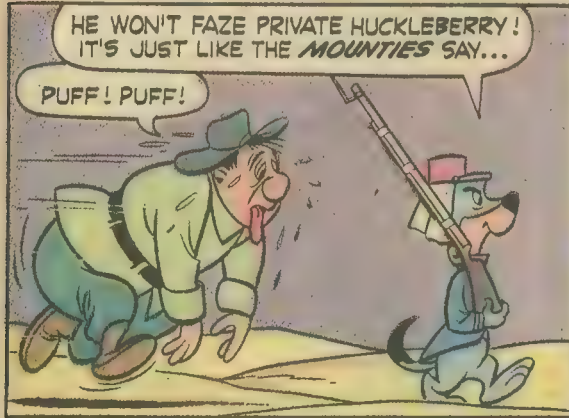
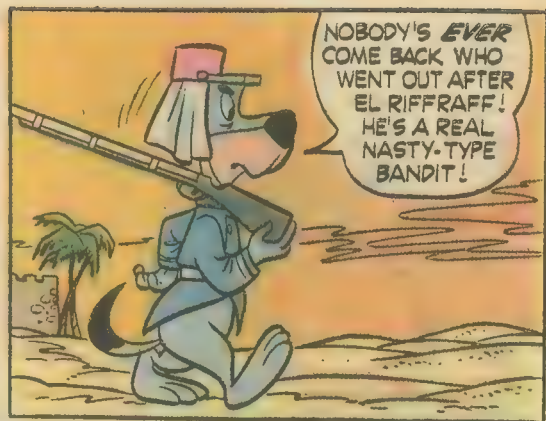
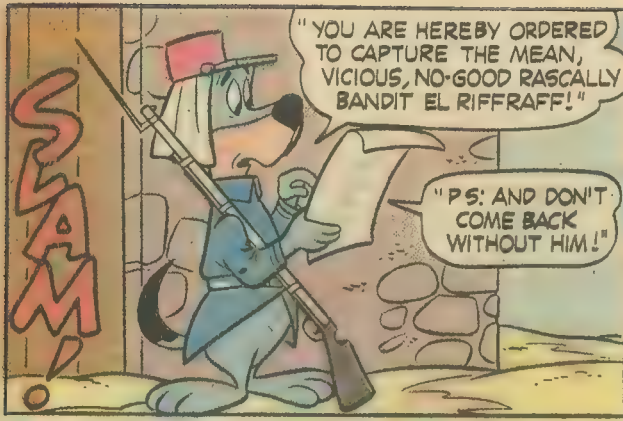
SPLENDID! HERE  
ARE YOUR SECRET ORDERS!  
YOU WILL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

DO NOT READ THEM UNTIL  
YOU ARE OUTSIDE THE GATE!



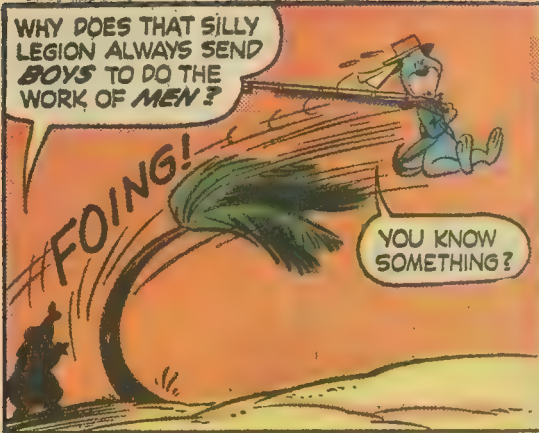
NOSSIR! I MEAN  
YESSIR! HUP, TOOP,  
THREEP, FORP!





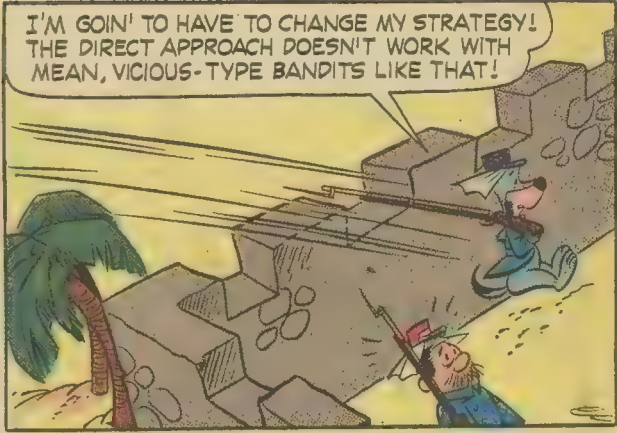


WHY DOES THAT SILLY  
LEGION ALWAYS SEND  
BOYS TO DO THE  
WORK OF MEN?



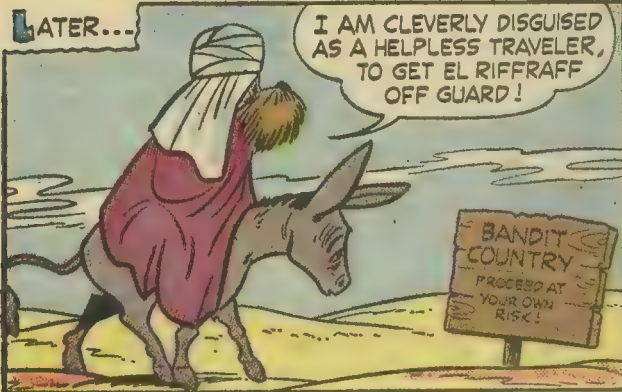
YOU KNOW  
SOMETHING?

I'M GOIN' TO HAVE TO CHANGE MY STRATEGY!  
THE DIRECT APPROACH DOESN'T WORK WITH  
MEAN, VICIOUS-TYPE BANDITS LIKE THAT!

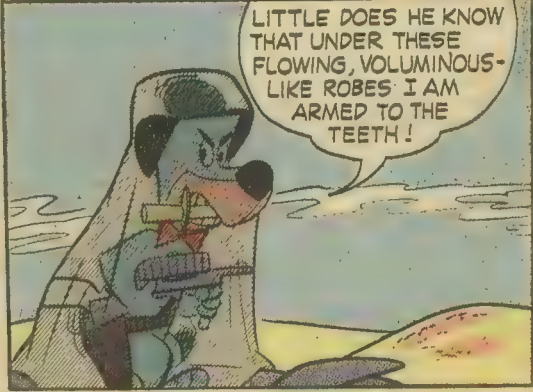


LATER...

I AM CLEVERLY DISGUISED  
AS A HELPLESS TRAVELER,  
TO GET EL RIFFRAFF  
OFF GUARD!

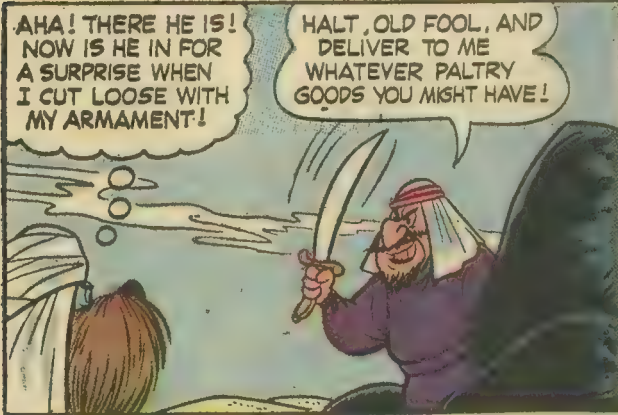


LITTLE DOES HE KNOW  
THAT UNDER THESE  
FLOWING, VOLUMINOUS-  
LIKE ROBES I AM  
ARMED TO THE  
TEETH!



AHA! THERE HE IS!  
NOW IS HE IN FOR  
A SURPRISE WHEN  
I CUT LOOSE WITH  
MY ARMAMENT!

HALT, OLD FOOL, AND  
DELIVER TO ME  
WHATEVER PALTRY  
GOODS YOU MIGHT HAVE!



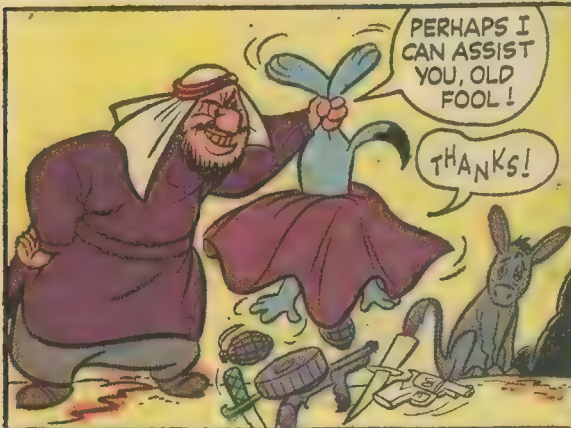
YESSIR!

AW, SHUCKS! MY GUNS ARE  
ALL TANGLED IN THESE  
VOLUMINOUS-TYPE  
ROBES!

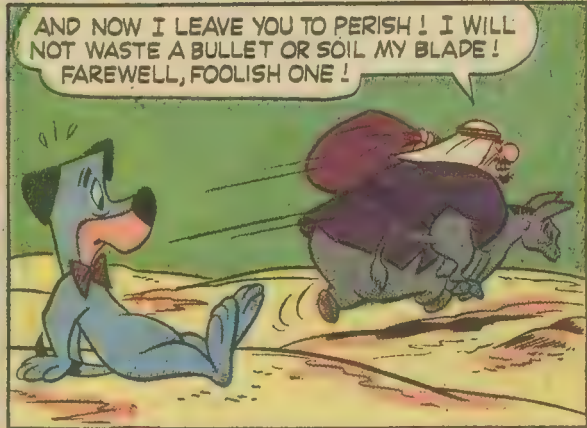


PERHAPS I  
CAN ASSIST  
YOU, OLD  
FOOL!

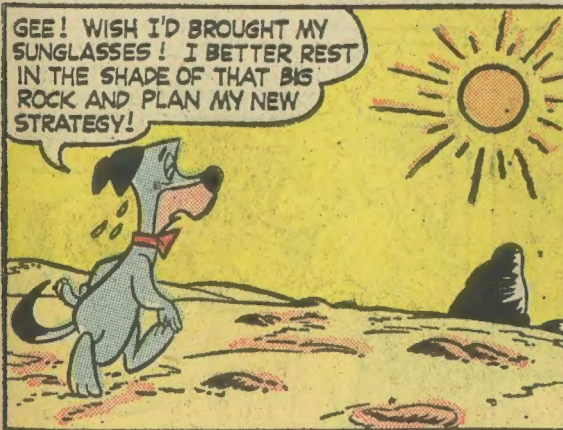
THANKS!



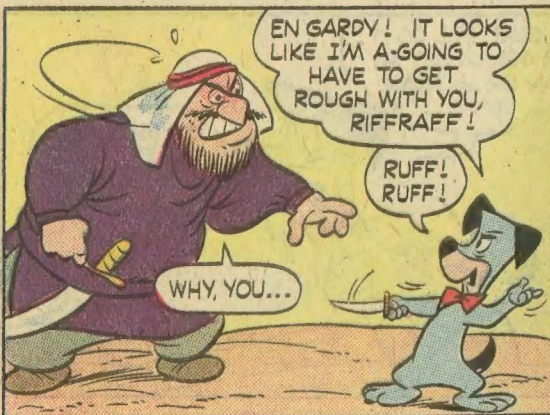
AND NOW I LEAVE YOU TO PERISH! I WILL  
NOT WASTE A BULLET OR SOIL MY BLADE!  
FAREWELL, FOOLISH ONE!



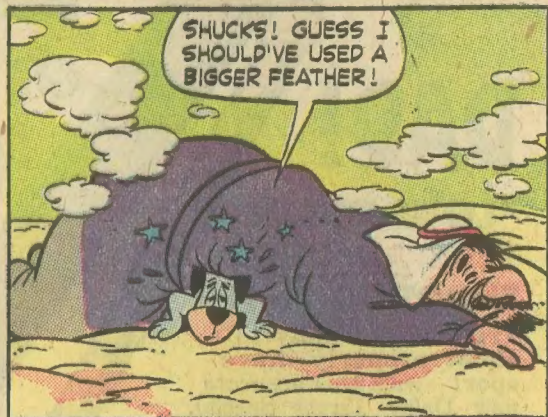
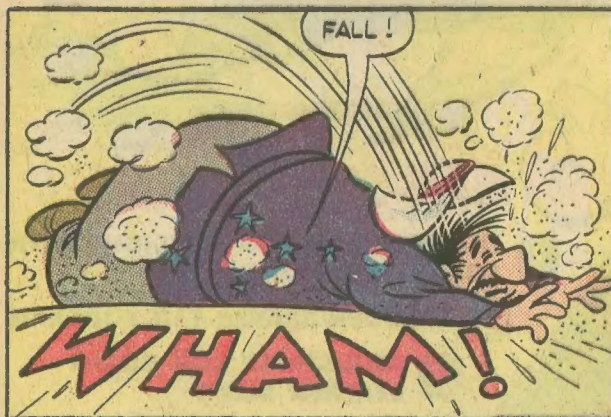
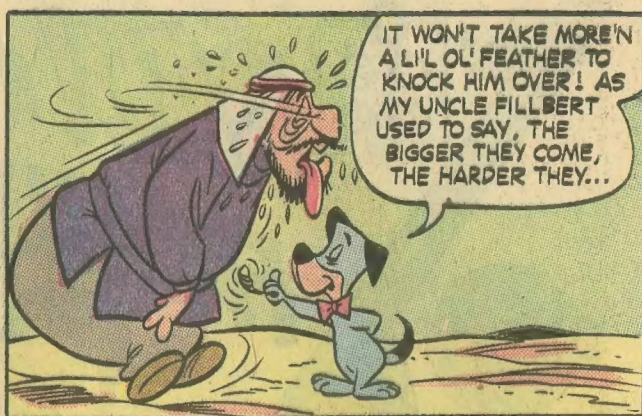
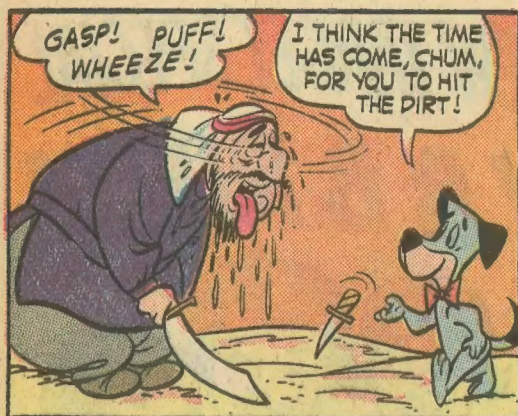














# DROP THAT THING!



Try these two puzzlers at your next get-together. To play "Drop That Thing!" you will need fifteen to twenty unbreakable objects which will each make a different sound when dropped on a wooden floor. Stretch a sheet or blanket across an adjoining doorway about shoulder-high, provide your guests with pencils and paper, and tell them to write down the names of each object as you drop it behind the blanket. The contestant having the most right answers wins. Here is a suggested list of objects to drop. See what you can find to add to it.

- |                    |                      |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. a shoe          | 11. a pencil         |
| 2. a penny         | 12. a newspaper      |
| 3. a small bell    | 13. a cardboard box  |
| 4. a key           | 14. an empty tin can |
| 5. a spoon or fork | 15. a coat hanger    |
| 6. a quarter       | 16. a jar lid        |
| 7. a ruler         | 17. a nail           |
| 8. a few pebbles   | 18. a bottle top     |
| 9. a comb          | 19. a wet rag        |
| 10. a tennis ball  | 20. a book           |

# TAKE A POWDER!

Here's a Yogi Bear detective-type game that will really keep everyone guessing. Place a small quantity of each of the ingredients listed below in numbered paper cups. Make yourself a list of the contents of each cup, give your guests pencils and paper, and ask them to write down what they think is in each cup. They can look and smell, but no touching or tasting. High score wins again.

- |                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. salt          | 7. powdered sugar |
| 2. sugar         | 8. powdered milk  |
| 3. baking powder | 9. white cornmeal |
| 4. talcum powder | 10. tooth powder  |
| 5. soap powder   | 11. baking soda   |
| 6. plaster       | 12. flour         |

